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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns. It publishes interesting and valuable news, local and general news, well selected, miscellaneous and valuable news, and household departments. Respecting so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$200 a year in advance. Single copies in Newport, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 366 Order Sons of St. George, Albert Bonham, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TANT, No. 18, Knights of Macabees, Nelson N. Doby, command; Charles S. Grandall, Record-keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 879, Foresters of St. George, James C. Baker, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allen, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 7)—Mrs. Timothy J. Sullivan, President; Mrs. R. M. Deahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THIRTIETH, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hemphill. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALDEN LODGE, No. 6, N. E. O. F.—Mrs. William J. Tew, Warden; Mrs. Dorothy E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 7)—Mrs. Timothy J. Sullivan, President; Mrs. R. M. Deahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

REXWOLD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schwarz, Chancellor; George A. Foster, Robert C. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

OLIVE DIVISION, No. 1, K. of P.—Sir Robert C. Franklin, Master; Sir James O. Walsh, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

OLIVE LODGE, No. 48—John Yule, Chief; Charles O. Franklin, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Subscriptions Coming in.

Subscriptions for stock in the Common Sense Gum Company are coming in fairly well and indications are that the factory will be located in Newport. In view of the questions that have been asked, suggesting that the Newport factory will be only a branch of the main company's works, it may be stated on authority that the company will do all its manufacturing here. There is no intention of having any other factory anywhere, nor would it be in accordance with good business practice to do so. There will probably be offices maintained in the city of Boston as headquarters for the New England trade, but aside from this everything will be centered in Newport.

The company intends to have all possible work done on its new factory by Newport men, and all supplies will be purchased as far as possible through Newport merchants. All furnishings, plumbing, piping, heating, fixtures, etc., will be bought in Newport if the merchants are able to supply them. It is the intention of the company to help Newport business men in every way in their power.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a short one, not much business being presented for consideration. Mayor Clarke was out of the city, and in his absence President William Shepley presided.

Newport Typographical Union presented a protest against the manner of printing the City Documents, alleging that the contractor is having the composition done out of town, which is an injury to local printers and in violation of the terms of the contract. The communication was received, but no action was taken.

The regular weekly payrolls were approved, as were several minor bills. Several licenses were granted, including a bowling alley and shooting gallery license for Easton's Beach.

The convention of the Newport County organization of the Rhode Island Retail Grocers' Association will be held in this city on Wednesday, August 19th. Mr. B. S. Thompson is the chairman and Mr. J. J. Martin the secretary of the county.

Dr. Arthur W. Gash, of Washington, D. C., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gash, in this city.

Mrs. Margaret Rogers has been called to her home on Spring street the past week by illness.

Robbery at Training Station.

Naval circles about Newport have been somewhat stirred this week by a bold robbery that took place at the Training Station. A sum of money amounting to nearly two thousand dollars was abstracted from the safe in the Paymaster's office last Saturday noon, and the officers have sent to police authorities throughout the country a notice to arrest a fireman from the station named John Dalton.

The missing funds were the property of the post canteen and were in charge of Paymaster Johnson. They were kept in a small safe in his office in the administration building, a guard being maintained in the hall. There was no evidence that the safe had been tampered with but as it had been locked Saturday morning the thief must either have secured the combination in some unknown way or else unlocked the safe by the very delicate method of reworking the knob and listening for the clicks.

Dalton had been employed in the office on clerical work at which he was very proficient. The guard remembered to have seen him coming from the room about noon, but thought nothing of it at the time. It was afterwards learned that he had come to Newport and had purchased a complete set of civilian's clothes, leaving his uniform to be called for. After that he disappeared.

The case was given to the Newport police and they sent out a general description of Dalton and requested his arrest and detention until an officer could come for him. The station has offered a reward of \$100 for his capture.

There is evidence that the robbery was very deliberately planned. The hour chosen was such that it gave promise of allowing several hours start, as the safe would not be opened from Saturday noon until Monday morning. Dalton is 22 years old and his home is in Brooklyn, but he was born in Kentucky. He enlisted as a coal passer, but being an experienced stenographer he was transferred to clerical work in the paymaster's department. He was very highly regarded at the station.

Ball Players Discharged.

In the District Court before Judge Franklin on Tuesday there were arguments by counsel on motion to quash the warrants against the three men who were charged with playing ball on Sunday. Mr. F. F. Nolan represented the defendants and City Solicitor Clark Burdick conducted the prosecution. After the arguments had been presented Judge Franklin granted the motion to quash the warrants as defective and the defendants were discharged.

There was no ball game last Sunday in spite of the fact that it had been announced that there would be. Mayor Clarke had notified the management that if a game was started he would arrest every player and in view of his determined stand the game was called off. Notwithstanding the failure to convict the participants in the first game, it is doubtful if there will be any more Sunday ball games in Newport as the police authorities appear to be determined to stop it.

On Thursday two of the men were arraigned on new warrants and were fined \$5 each.

Open Air Concert.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week there was a splendid open air concert at the Naval Training Station by the men of the apprentice battalion, assisted by the Training Station Band and the Fort Adams Band. The concert was for the benefit of the building fund of the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. At the first concert the price of tickets was placed at one dollar each, but the second evening the price was reduced to twenty-five cents to allow all an opportunity to enjoy it. The music was under the direction of Henry W. Rankin, singing master at the station, and was excellent. The men also went through a number of evolutions and physical culture exercises. The station was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights and presented a very handsome appearance. The attendance was large at both concerts and a large sum was realized for the benefit of the building fund.

Within a very short time work will be begun on a new government building to be used as a general naval hospital for the Narragansett bay district. It is probable that the location will be on the Matland estate on Third street. The hospital will be complete in every particular and will be used for all the ships and stations in this vicinity.

Miss Mary Gillies, an employee of the Mercury, is enjoying a week's vacation.

Mr. Daniel B. Peering called for Europe Wednesday on the Admire.

Accidents at the Beach.

Miss Flora Scheer, who was spending a few weeks in Newport as guest of Mr. O. A. Hilleken and family, who are relatives, met death at Easton's Beach last Saturday afternoon. In spite of every effort made to resuscitate her she was removed from the beach in a lifeless condition, death having probably occurred before she was brought ashore. It is hardly thought that she was drowned but her death is attributed to heart failure.

There was a heavy surf and strong undertow at the beach on Saturday and bathers were warned to be careful. Miss Scheer was known to be a strong swimmer and was a regular bather at the beach. After she had been in the water for some time she was observed to be in distress and assistance was at once rendered to her. She was taken to the raft and an effort was made to restore her to her consciousness but without avail. She was then brought ashore and a physician was summoned who pronounced her extinct.

In the attempt to rescue her Michael Barrett, an employee at the beach, was overcome by the water and was brought ashore unconscious but quickly recovered. At the time the accident occurred the life boat was in shore, having been giving assistance to another bather who was in difficulty, so that it was some distance from Miss Scheer.

As a partial consequence of the fatality at the beach there was a bad accident on Bath road. Mr. and Mrs. George Peck, the latter being a cousin of Miss Scheer, were hurrying to the beach after being notified of the fatality. They were in an automobile driven by Richard Hensley and were proceeding at a rapid rate through Bath road. When in the vicinity of Gibbs avenue there was a collision with a light carriage and with a cross-seated party wagon, the wheel of the latter being demolished and the six passengers being hurled to the ground. All were more or less seriously injured and four of them were removed to the hospital where their injuries were treated.

The chauffeur was placed under arrest and taken to the police station. He was subsequently fined twenty dollars for violating the speed limit.

There were several other minor accidents at the beach on Saturday and Sunday, the patrol being kept busy rendering assistance to venturesome bathers. There was a fairly heavy sea, accompanied by an unusually strong undertow. Although danger signs are displayed conspicuously on the beach when there is a strong undertow there are many bathers who overestimate their strength and have to call on the patrol for assistance.

Mrs. Dresser Gets Divorce.

Mrs. Daniel Leroy Dresser, who last February established a residence in Sioux Falls, has obtained an absolute divorce from Daniel Dresser of New York city.

The question of alimony did not enter into the case so far as the court records disclosed, this business evidently having been adjusted out of court.

At the hearing Mrs. Dresser was represented by U. S. Senator Kittredge of Sioux Falls, while C. W. Gould of New York and E. R. Widan of Sioux Falls represented Mr. Dresser.

Mrs. Dresser, it was said, is not yet ready to discuss her future plans. She has lived quietly since taking up her residence in Sioux Falls. Not until nearly four months after she arrived in the city was her presence made public.

Miss Alma Wallner of New York will sing at the First Presbyterian Church to-morrow (Sunday). Miss Wallner is well known in this city, where she formerly resided. She is the contralto soloist at the Church of the Intercession in New York.

Mrs. Mary E. Kane, wife of Foreman John F. Kane, of steamer 7, died at her home on Dearborn street on Monday after an illness of about three months. Besides her husband, three sons and one daughter survive her.

The marriage of Miss Gwendolin Whipple to Assistant Paymaster W. N. Hughes, U. S. N., will take place at Trinity Church on Wednesday, September 16th.

Mrs. Charles H. Baldwin arrived at "Sung Harbor," on Bellevue avenue, the past week, having just returned from Europe.

One of the largest crowds of the season gathered at the beach Monday evening to listen to the band concert.

Miss Alice Greenow and Mr. Dudley Davis will be married at Emmanuel Church on August 21st.

Mrs. Adeline Thomas has gone to Mrs. Frost's Neck, Maine, on an extended visit.

Mr. Paul A. Andrews is recovering from his recent serious illness.

The Yacht Races.

There was comparatively little interest taken in the yacht races off Newport while the fleet of the New York Yacht Club was in here. The attendance of yachts on the annual cruise was smaller than usual and some of those that were here preferred to lie quietly at anchor than to go outside to see the races. Of those that did go out not all followed the races over the course, some merely going to the finish line to see them come in.

The races on Saturday were for the Astor cups and the wind was favorable nearly all day. Just after most of the yachts had finished the wind died away and a few vessels were becalmed beyond the lightship.

In the schooner class there were three starters, but the Corona did not finish. The Queen was the winner, beating the Elmira by eight minutes and ten seconds on corrected time. In the class for sloops there were ten entries, but only four were timed at the finish line. The Avenger won in 4:05:23, with the Isaleasa, Aurora and Vigilant in the order named. The other starters were the Eolippe, Mimosa III, Seneca, Leda, Minox and Nepel.

The races for the King's cup were sailed on Monday, with six starters, but all sailing in one class. The vessels entered were the schooners Queen and Elmira, and sloops Avenger, Vigilant, Aurora and Isaleasa. The race was a good one, with a brisk breeze all the way. The Avenger, although the last to finish, was declared the winner when the time allowances had been figured out, beating the Aurora by a little over eight minutes.

Probably no more delightful spot was to be found in this city Tuesday evening than along the shore of Washington street. The evening was a most beautiful one, with the moon about full, peeping through an occasional cloud and lighting up the water so that small sailing vessels were visible to the eye at a distance. The Newport band gave a concert at Fort Greene and a large crowd gathered to hear the music. There was also a band concert on board steamer Connaught, and as the ferryboat sailed back and forth the music could be heard on the shore. As steamer Priscilla passed out of the harbor she added much to the enjoyment of the night-seers and her passengers could be plainly seen passing to and fro on the deck. It was an ideal night and those who were fortunate enough to be on the pier and shore of the waterfront were afforded a treat long to be remembered.

Mrs. Harry Ames has instituted a civil suit for \$5000 against Seymour Johnson for injuries alleged to have been received by a collision with Mr. Johnson's automobile on Spring street last week. Mr. and Mrs. Ames were riding their bicycles along Spring street when the automobile came up Green street. The chauffeur managed to get past Mr. Ames but Mrs. Ames struck the back wheel of the car and was thrown from her wheel receiving painful injuries. Mr. Johnson was not in the automobile at the time, but it was conveying a friend. The chauffeur and the passenger did what they could to assist the injured woman. The chauffeur was subsequently arrested on a warrant charging reckless driving.

Mr. Antonio DeFray severed his connection with the William H. Cotton drug store the past week, after being employed there for 38 years, during which time he has been a faithful, conscientious clerk, working for the interest of his employer in every particular. Mr. DeFray will enjoy a well-deserved vacation. Mr. Gilbert S. Read has succeeded Mr. DeFray.

Miss Bertha Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Weaver, celebrated her birthday at her home on Green End avenue on Wednesday, entertaining a number of her little friends. Refreshments were served and a number of pretty gifts were bestowed upon the hostess in honor of the occasion.

Mrs. Overton G. Langley returned today from Brooklyn, where she has been on an extended visit to relatives. She was accompanied to Newport by her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Langley, who will spend several weeks here.

Mr. Harold F. Gilpin of New York is enjoying a two weeks' vacation, which he is spending in Newport, guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin, on John street.

Mrs. Alfred G. Vandertalk and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wagstaff, Jr., will sail from Europe on September 15th.

Mr. Eugene Brown, of New York, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brown, in Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Haines and family of New York are spending a few months in this city.

Recent Deaths.

Miss Susie Taylor.
The news of the death of Miss Susie Taylor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, of Bliss Road came as a shock to her friends, despite the fact that she had been ill for a long time. For over six years she had been an invalid, suffering from dyspeptic trouble, but during all these years she had borne her sufferings most patiently. She was a young woman of most pleasing personality and was liked by all who knew her. The greater part of these long years of suffering had been spent in doors, but she never complained of her unfortunate condition and was always cheerful and appreciative of any kindness rendered her.

Besides her father and mother, several brothers survive her, among the number being George R. Taylor, a rural letter carrier at the Newport Post office.

Chief Engineer Dead.

Mr. Charles Weed, formerly chief engineer of steamer Priscilla, died at Elmira, N. Y., Saturday evening. He had been in poor health for several months, but his death came unexpectedly. Mr. Weed had been chief engineer on the Fall River and Stonington lines for about 50 years.

He made his home in this city until about a year and a half ago when he retired, and went to Elmira to reside with his sister, Mrs. William Van Dyne. He was unmarried.

Funeral services were held at Elmira on Tuesday.

An Interesting Preacher.

Rev. Sydney Goodman preached at St. George's Church Sunday morning and at the evening service at half-past four. Mr. Goodman came from Atlantic City, N. J., where he is associated with the Church of the Ascension. He created a most favorable impression on the parishioners at St. George's, being an interesting and fluent preacher. He has been at Atlantic City a little over a year and has accomplished a wonderful work among all classes in that city. It is just such a man as Mr. Goodman that is needed here in Newport, for there is no doubt but that he could accomplish much good in this community, and would be an ideal pastor for St. George's. He is young, energetic and vivacious and is in full sympathy with all with whom he comes in contact. Mr. Goodman is a brother of Rev. Frederick Goodman, rector of St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth.

Work will soon be begun on the new Vanderbilt building for the Young Men's Christian Association on Mary street. It is hoped to have the building well advanced before the cold weather sets in. Although the original amount offered by Mr. Vanderbilt was only \$100,000, he has recently intimated that he will increase that amount somewhat in order that the building may be entirely suitable from every point of view. As soon as the last few details are arranged work will be begun in earnest and will be pushed through as rapidly as possible.

In response to a generous number of invitations issued by members of Mikhaela Camp there was a large gathering of distinguished citizens of the State at the Camp on Thursday to partake in the annual outing and clam bake. The bake was prepared by Colonel Herbert Bliss and ample justice was done to the good things provided. Members of the General Assembly and other State officials were conspicuous at the Camp, many going over from Newport and others coming down from Providence.

Next week will see the opening of the annual tournament of the National Lawn Tennis Association on the grounds of the Newport Casino, the matches of the preliminary round being started on Tuesday. There are a large number of entries and much interest has been manifested in the coming event. The courts are in splendid condition and are inferior to none in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills are entertaining the Earl of Granard, at "Ocean Lawn." The Earl accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Mills to this country last week. He will remain here until the early autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Molden, formerly of this city, but now residents of New York, are spending the summer at Westwood, N. J.

Mr. George W. Barlow is slowly recovering from the attack of typhoid fever from which he has been suffering for many weeks.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Helen McLaughlin of Philadelphia to Mr. Earl C. Sumner of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fredericks are spending a few days in Newport.

Concert at Masonic Hall.

A good sized audience gathered in Masonic Hall Thursday evening to hear the concert given for the benefit of the Swedish Lutheran Church. Mr. Arvid Asplund, a noted baritone, sang a number of selections in a pleasing manner and received much applause. Mr. Victor Jaxter, one of Newport's favorite pianists, received a hearty reception for his fine renditions of his selections. Miss Lillian E. Maher delighted her audience with her selections, "The Moonlight Sonata" and "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Professor Edward Lodder held his hearers spellbound by the rendition of several selections on the violin and was obliged to respond to encore. Mr. Jeter also added greatly to the entertainment by his selections, being a finished musician, and the trio rendered by Mr. Baxter, Mr. Jeter and Professor Lodder called forth rounds of applause. A goodly sum will be realized for the benefit of the Swedish Lutheran Church.

Henry L. Swann and Junius Willis were arraigned in a special session of the District Court on Thursday as the outcome of a row in a saloon on Collins street in which a revolver was brought into use. Willis was charged with revelling and was fined five dollars and costs. Swann was charged with assault with a dangerous weapon and bail was furnished for his appearance in court.

The Rhode Island State Grange Field Day is to be held on Tuesday of next week, August 18th, with the Dayville Grange, No. 8, Patrons of Husbandry, at Essex Grove, Austin's Crossing. Many of the National officers will be present to make addresses and an otherwise fine program has been arranged by Mr. McGoon, the State lecturer.

A man was taken with violent mania at Dr. Clark's office on Ball street Wednesday and a lively struggle ensued before he was placed under restraint. He was taken to the Newport Hospital but was quickly discharged, as he soon recovered. His seizure was probably due to the effect of working in the hot sun.

The Naval Reserve of the several States which have been on tour of duty at Gardiner's Bay during the past week have made excellent records at gun practice and in other details of the service. The eastern contingent is expected to reach Newport to-day and will be conveyed to their homes in special trains.

The Newport band rendered a concert on the Mall Thursday evening. This was to make good the last concert which was scheduled to take place there by this band, but was postponed on account of the rain. A large crowd was in attendance.

The heat of the last few days has been very severe even in Newport but in the cities it has been almost unbearable. Many deaths and prostrations have been reported throughout New England.

There will be a public demonstration of the Egau how coupling on J. K. Sullivan's wharf, foot of Pelham street, on Saturday, August 16, at 2.30 p. m.

Newport is to have a number of fashionable weddings in the late summer and early fall, which should result in prolonging the season very considerably.

The regular Boston excursion on Thursday was better patronized than before. It brought 570 passengers.

Election of Officers.

General Greene Memorial.

The General Nathaniel Greene Memorial Association has organized by the election of the following officers: President—Charles Warren Lippitt. Vice President—Frederick J. Garretson. Treasurer—Mrs. Susan A. Jolliffe. Secretary—Henry V. A. Jolliffe. Executive Committee—Willard H. Monroe, Alfred W. Dennis, Hamilton B. Tompkins. Trustees for the year—Daniel B. Peering. A number of contributions have been received and the executive committee was authorized to devise some plan to secure additional funds.

St. Eustace Club.

President—Norman Flodder. First Vice President—Richardmond Gibson. Second Vice President—W. H. Whitney Merrill. Secretary—C. Harry Stevens. Treasurer—Arthur J. Harrington. Athletic Committee—Harry Stevens, chairman; Gilbert Barnham, Edward Owens, Norman Flodder, Clifford Tallman, John Spence, St. Augustine, Fla., non-resident member. House Committee—Wyndie Stevens, C. Whitney Merrill, Arthur J. Harrington, Ralph Hensley, Ryder Weaver, Frank D. Benson, New York, non-resident member. Entertainment Committee—Edward Owens, Whitney Merrill, Harry Stevens, Harry F. Simpson, Horace G. Wheeler, of Portland, Maine, non-resident member.

Newport Clubhouse Club.

President—Carter Hitchcock. Secretary—Edith Dyer. Treasurer—Frederick R. Palmer. Executive Committee—Harry F. Simpson, Charles L. F. Benson, William R. Benson, Leonard Benson.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

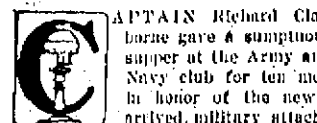
By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles."

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Chapter XI

THE LOSS OF A NATION.



CAPTAIN Richard Claiborne gave a sumptuous supper at the Army and Navy club for ten men in honor of the newly arrived, military attaché of the Spanish legation. He had drawn his guests largely from his foreign acquaintances in Washington, and Dick knew Washington well enough to understand that, while a girl and a man who speak different languages may sit comfortably together at table, men like Claiborne grow morose and are likely to quarrel with their eyes before the cigars are passed. It was Friday, and the whole party had witnessed the drill at Fort Myer, that afternoon, with nine girls to listen to the explanation of the maneuvers and the earliest spring bride for champion. Shirley had been of the party and somewhat the heroine of it, too, for it was Dick who put on his horse out in the park with the little white to his his and manipulated the troop.

"Here's a confusion of tongues, I say, need you to interpret," laughed Dick, indicating a chair at his left, and when Armistage sat down he faced Chauvenet across the round table. With the first filling of glasses it was found that every one could speak French, and the talk went forward spiritedly. The discussion of military matters naturally occupied first place. Then they fell to talking about individuals, chiefly men in the public eye, and as the Austro-Hungarian embassy was in mourning and unrepresented at the table the new emperor, taking was discussed with considerable frankness.

"He has not old Stroebe's right hand to hold him up," remarked a young German officer.

"Thereby hangs a dark tale," remarked Claiborne. "Somebody stuck a knife into Count von Stroebe at a regularly important moment. I saw him in Geneva two days before he was assassinated, and he was very feeble and seemed harassed. It gives a man the shudders to think of what might happen if his majesty Charles Louis should go by the board. His only child died a year ago—after him his cousin Francis, and then the deluge."

"Bah! Francis is not as dark as he's painted. He's the most lied about prince in Europe," remarked Chauvenet. "He would most certainly be an improvement on Charles Louis. But, alas, Charles Louis will undoubtedly live on forever, like his lamented father. The king is dead! Long live the king!"

"Nothing can happen," remarked the German, sadly. "I have lost much money betting on upheavals in Hungary. If there were a man in Hungary it would be different. But there are no revolutions."

"That is quite true," said Armistage.

"But," observed the Spaniard, "if the Archduke Karl had not gone out of his head and died in two or three weeks' space, so that no one is sure he is dead at all, things at Vienna might be rather more interesting. Karl took a son with him into exile. Suppose one or the other of them should reappear, stir up strife and incite rebellion?"

"Such speculations are quite idle," commented Chauvenet. "There is no doubt whatever that Karl is dead or we should hear of him."

"Of course," said the German. "If he were not the death of the old emperor would have brought him to life again."

"The same applies to the boy he carried away with him—undoubtedly dead, or we should hear of him. Karl disappeared soon after his son Francis was born. It was said!"

"A pretty tale it is," commented the German, "that the child wasn't exactly Karl's own. He took it quite hard—went away to hide his shame in exile, taking his son, Frederick Augustus, with him."

"He was surely mad," remarked Chauvenet, sipping a cordial. "It is much better dead and out of the way for the good of Austria. Francis, as I say, is a good fellow. We have hunted together, and I know him well."

"They fell to talking about the lost sons of royal houses—and a goodly number there have been, even in these later centuries—and then of the latest marriages between American women and titled foreigners. Chauvenet was now leading the conversation. It might even have seemed to a critical listener that he was guiding it with a certain intention.

He laughed as though at the reminiscence of something amusing and held the little cordial while he bent over a candle to light a cigarette.

"With all due respect to our American host, I must say that a title in America goes further than anywhere else in the world. I was at Bar Harbor three years ago when the Baron von Kiesel devastated that region. He made and havoc among the ladies that summer. The rest of us simply had no place to stand. You remember, gentlemen—and Chauvenet looked slowly around the illumined circle—that the unexpected arrival of the excellent ambassador of Austria-Hungary caused the baron to leave Bar Harbor before dark and daylight. The story was that he got off in a cab, and the next we heard of him was a questioning under some title in San Francisco, where he proved to be a

dangerous forger. You all remember that the papers were full of his performances for awhile, but he was a lucky rascal and always disappeared at the proper psychological moment. He had, as you may say, the cosmopolitan accent and was the most plausible fellow alive."

"It's my experience that we never meet a person once only—there's always a second meeting somewhere—and I was not at all surprised when I ran upon my old friend the baron in Germany last fall."

"At his old tricks, I suppose," observed some one.

"No. That was the strangest part of it. He's struck a deeper game, though I'm blessed if I can make it out. He's dropped the title altogether and now calls himself Mister—I've forgotten for the moment the rest of it, but it is an English name. He's made a stoik somehow and travels about in decent comfort. He passes now as an American—his English is excellent—and he jumps at large American interests."

"He probably has forged securities to sell," commented the German. "I know those fellows. The business is best done quietly."

"I dare say," returned Chauvenet. "Of course you greeted him as a long lost friend," remarked Claiborne leadingly.

"No! I wanted to make sure of him, and, strangely enough, he assisted me in a very curious way."

All felt that they were now to hear the denouement of the story, and several men bent forward in their absorption, with their elbows on the table. Chauvenet smiled and resumed, with a little shrug of his shoulders.

"Well, I must go back a moment to say that the man I know at Bar Harbor had a real crest. The ladies to whom he wrote notes treasured them. I dare say, because of the pretty insignium. He had it engraved on his cigarette case, a bird of some kind tip-toeing on a helmet, and beneath there was a motto, 'Fide Non Armis.'"

"The devil!" exclaimed the young German. "Why, that's very like—"

"Very like the device of the Austrian Schomburgs. Well, I remembered the cigarette case, and one night at a concert in Berlin, you know—I chanced to sit with some friends at a table quite near where he sat alone. I had my eye on him, trying to assure myself of his identity, when in closing his cigarette case it fell almost at my feet, and I bumped heads with a waiter as I picked it up—I wanted to make sure—and handed it to him, the imitation baron."

"That was your chance to startle him a trifle, I should say," remarked the German.

"He was the man beyond doubt. There was no mistaking the cigarette case. What I said was," continued Chauvenet. "Allow me, baron?"

"Well spoken!" exclaimed the Spaniard officer.

"Not so well, either," laughed Chauvenet. "He had the best of it. He's a

clever man, I am obliged to admit. He said—And Chauvenet's mirth stifled him for a moment.

"Yes; what was it?" demanded the German impatiently.

"He said, 'Thank you, waiter, and put the cigarette case back into his pocket.'"

They all laughed. Then Captain Claiborne's eyes fell upon the table and rested lightly on John Armistage's cigarette case lying on the edge of the table, on the smoothly worn gold of the surface, on the snowy falcon and the silver helmet on which the bird poised. He started slightly, then tossed his napkin carelessly on the table so that it covered the gold trinket completely.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if we are going to show ourselves at the Drillington ball we'll have to run along."

Below in the coat room Claiborne was fastening the frogs of his military overcoat when Armistage, who had waited for the opportunity, spoke to him.

"That story is a lie, Claiborne. That man never saw me or my cigarette case in Berlin, and moreover, I was never at Bar Harbor in my life. I gave you some account of myself on the King Edward. Every word of it is true."

"You should face him—you must have it out with him!" exclaimed Claiborne. And Armistage saw the conflict and uncertainty in the officer's eyes.

"But the time hasn't come for that."

"Then if there is something between you"—began Claiborne, the doubt now clearly dominant.

"There is undoubtedly a great deal between us, and there will be more before we reach the end."

Dick Claiborne was a perfectly

frank, outspoken fellow, and this hint of mystery by a man whose character had just been boldly assailed angered him.

"Good God, man! I know as much about Chauvenet as I do about you. This thing is ugly, as you must see. I don't like it. I tell you! You've got to do more than deny a circumstantial story like that by a fellow whose standing here is as good as yours. If you don't offer some better explanation of this by tomorrow night I shall have to ask you to cut my acquaintance—and the acquaintance of my family!"

Armistage's face was grave, but he smiled as he took his hat and stick. "I shall not be able to satisfy you of my respectability by tomorrow night, Captain Claiborne. My own affairs must wait on larger matters."

"Then you need never take the trouble!"

"In my own time you shall be quite fully satisfied," said

He sent a message to Armistage quickly Oscar throughly and turned away.

He was not among the others of the Claiborne party when they got into their carriage to go to the ball. He went, in fact, to the telegraphic office and sent a message to Oscar Brown, Lamar, Va., giving notice of his coming.

Then he returned to the New American and packed his belongings.

Chapter XII

A CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS. His study of maps and time tables is a far more profitable business than appears. John Armistage possessed a great store of geographical knowledge as interpreted in such literature. He could tell you without leaving his room and probably without opening his trunk the quickest way out of Tokyo or St. Petersburg or Calcutta or Chungking, Mont. If you suddenly received a cablegram calling you to Vienna or Paris or Washington from one of those places.

Such being the case, it was remarkable that he should have started for a point in the Virginia hills by way of Boston, thence to Norfolk by coastwise steamer and on to Lamar by lines of railroad whose schedules would have been the despair of unhardened travelers. He had expressed his trunk direct and traveled with two suit cases, and an umbrella. His journey since his boat swung out into Massachusetts bay had been spent in gloomy speculation, and two young women booked for Baltimore wrongly attributed his reticence and aloofness to a grievous disappointment in love.

He had wanted time to think—to ponder his affairs—to devise some way out of his difficulties and to contrive the defeat of Chauvenet. Moreover, his relations to the Claibornes were in an ugly tangle. Chauvenet had dealt him a telling blow in a quarter where he particularly wished to appear to advantage.

He jumped out of the day coach in which he had accomplished the last stage of his journey to Lamar just at dawn and found Oscar, with two horses, waiting.

"Good morning," said Oscar, saluting.

"You are prompt, sergeant," and Armistage shook hands with him.

As the train roared on through the valley Armistage opened one of the suit cases and took out a pair of leather leggings, which he strapped on. Then Oscar tied the cases together with a rope and hung them across his saddle bow.

"The place—what of it?" asked Armistage.

"There may be worse. I have not decided."

"Is it as bad as that?"

The man was busy tightening the saddle girths, and he answered Armistage's further questions with soldier-like brevity.

"You have been here—"

"Two weeks, sir."

"And nothing has happened? It is a good report."

"It is good for the soul to stand on mountains and look at the world. You will like that animal—yes? He is lighter than a cavalry horse. Mine, you will notice, is a trifle heavier. I bought them at a stock farm in another valley and rode them up to the place."

The train sent back loud echoes. A girl in a pink sunbonnet rode up on a mule and carried off the mail pouch. The station agent was busy inside at his telegraph instruments and paid no heed to the horsemen. Save for a few butts clustered on the hillside there were no signs of human habitation in sight. The lights in a switch target showed yellow against the growing dawn.

"I am quite ready, sir," reported Oscar, touching his hat. "There is nothing here but the station. The settlement is farther on our way."

"Then let us be off," said Armistage, swinging into the saddle.

Oscar led the way in silence along a narrow road that clung close to the base of a great pine covered hill. The morning was sharp and the horses stepped smartly, the breath of their nostrils showing white on the air. The far roar and whistle of the train came back more and more faintly, and when it had quite ceased Armistage sighed, pushed his soft felt hat from his face and settled himself more firmly in his saddle. The keen air was as stimulating as wine, and he put his horse to the gallop and rode ahead to shake up his blood.

"It is good," said the stolid cavalryman as Armistage wheeled again into line with him.

"Yes, it is good," repeated Armistage. A peace descended upon him that he had not known in many days. The light grew as the sun rose higher, blessing upon them like a banner target through deep cliffs in the mountains.

The morning mist retreated before them to farther ridges and peaks, and the beautiful gray-blue of the Virginia hills delighted Armistage's eyes. The region was very wild. Here and there from some mountaineer's cabin a light penciling of smoke stole upward.

They once passed a boy driving a yoke of steers. After several miles the road, that had hung midway of the rough hill, dipped down sharply, and they came out into another and broader valley, where there were

filled farms and a little settlement with a blacksmith shop and a country store, postoffice and inn combined. The storekeeper stood in the door smoking a cob pipe.

Seeing Oscar, he went inside and brought out some letters and newspapers, which he delivered to him in silence.

"This is Lamar postoffice," announced Oscar.

"There must be some mail here for me," said Armistage.

Oscar handed him several long envelopes—they bore the name of the Bronx Loan and Trust company, whose office in New York was his permanent address, and he opened and read a number of letters and cablegrams that had been forwarded. Their contents evidently gave him satisfaction, for he whistled cheerfully as he thrust them into his pocket.

"You keep in touch with the world, do you, Oscar? It is commendable."

"I take a Washington paper. It relieves the monotony, and I can see where the regiments are moving and whether my old captain is yet out of the hospital and what happened to my lieutenant in his court martial about the pay accounts. One must observe the world—yes. At the postoffice back there"—he jerked his head to indicate—"it is against the law to sell whisky in a postoffice, so that storekeeper with the red nose and small yellow eyes keeps it in a brown jug in the back room."

"To be sure," laughed Armistage. "I hope it is a good article."

"It is ylle," replied Oscar. "His brother makes it up in the hills, and it is as strong as wood ylle."

"Moonshine! I have heard of it. We must have some for rainy days."

It was a new world to John Armistage, and his heart was as light as the morning air as he followed Oscar along the rugged mountain road. "He was in Virginia, and somewhere on this soil, perhaps in some valley like the one through which he rode, Shirley Claiborne had gazed upon blue distances, with ridge rising against ridge, and dark pine covered slopes like those he saw for the first time. He had left his affairs in Washington in a sorry muddle, but he faced the new day with a buoyant spirit and did not trouble himself to look very far ahead. He had a definite business before him. His cablegrams were reassuring on that point. The fact that he was in a sense a fugitive did not trouble him in the least. He had no intention of allowing Jules Chauvenet's assassin to kill him or of being locked up in a Washington jail as the false Baron von Kiesel. If he admitted that he was not John Armistage it would be difficult to prove that he was anybody else—a fact touching human testimony, which Jules Chauvenet probably knew perfectly well.

On the whole, he was satisfied that he had followed the wisest course thus far. The broad panorama of the morning hills communicated to his spirit a growing elation. He began singing in German, a ballad that recited the sorrows of a pale maiden prisoner in a dark tower on the Rhine, whence her true knight rescued her after many and fearsome adventures. On the last stave he ceased abruptly, and an exclamation of wonder broke from him.

They had been riding along a narrow trail that afforded, as Oscar said, a short cut across a long timbered ridge that lay between them and Armistage's property. The path was rough and steep, and the low hanging pine-branches and heavy underbrush increased the difficulties of ascent. Straining to the top, a new valley, hidden until now, was disclosed in long and beautiful vistas.

Armistage dropped the reins upon the neck of his panting horse.

"It is a fine valley—yes!" asked Oscar.

"It is a possession worthy of the noblest gods!" replied Armistage. "There is a white building with colonnades away over there. Is it the house of the reigning deity?"

"It is not, sir," answered Oscar, who spoke English with a kind of dogged precision, giving equal value to all words. "It is a vast hotel where the rich spend much money. That place at the foot of the hills—do you see?—it is there they play a foolish game with sticks and little balls."

"Golf? Is it possible?"

"There is no doubt of it, sir. I have seen the fools myself—men and women. The place is called Storm valley."

Armistage slapped his thigh sharply, so that his horse started.

"Yes; you are probably right, Oscar. I have heard of the place. And these houses that lie beyond there in the valley belong to gentlemen of taste and leisure who drink the waters and ride horses and play the foolish game you describe with little white balls."

"I could not tell it better," responded Oscar, who had dismounted, like a good trooper, to rest his horse.

"And our place—is it below there?" demanded Armistage.

"It is not, sir. It lies to the west. But a man may come here when he is lonesome and look at the people and the gentlemen's houses. At night it is a pleasure to see the lights, and sometimes when the wind is right there is music of bands."

"Poor Oscar!" laughed Armistage.

His mood had not often in his life been so light.

On his right northward from Washington and southward down the Atlantic coast, he thought that Shirley Claiborne and her family spent very believe

him as ignoble scoundrel had wrought misgivings and pain in his heart, but at least he would soon be near her—even now she might be somewhere below in the lovely valley, and he drew off his hat and stared down upon what was glorified and enchanted ground.

"Let us go," he said presently.

Oscar saluted, standing bridle in hand.

"You will find it easier to walk," he said, and leading their horses, they retraced their steps for several hundred yards along the ridge, then mounted and proceeded slowly down again u they came to a mountain road. Presently a high wire fence followed their right, where the descent was sharply arrested, and they came to a barred wooden gate, and beside it a small cabin, evidently designed for a lodge.

"This is the place, sir," and Oscar dismounted and threw open the gate.

The road within followed the rough contour of the hillside that still turned downward until it broadened into a wooded plateau. The flutter of wings in the underbrush, the scamper of squirrels, the mad lops of a fox, kept the eye busy. A deer broke out of a

hand.

Oscar dismounted and threw open the gate.

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JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

RECOMMENDS DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal terms to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that a case for the interest of our readers leads us to call attention to its great value."

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Largest and most magnificent vessel in American waters, will be in service on this line on July first. An elegant in decorations and furnishings as the most palatial hotel on land.

Best Way to New York.

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Time table showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect June 15, 1906.

Train Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 5:45, 8:30, 10:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 5:05 p. m. Return from Boston week days, 5:10, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 5:05 p. m. Return from Taunton week days, 5:10, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 5:05 p. m. Return from Fall River week days, 5:10, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 5:05 p. m.

Train Fall River for Newport week days, 5:10, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 5:05 p. m. Return from Newport week days, 5:10, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 5:05 p. m.

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THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

er built beyond the rear veranda. The mountain water is off the ice, but you will require hot water for shaving—is it not so?"

"You oppress me with luxuries, Oscar. Wind up the clock, and nothing will be wanting."

Oscar unstrapped the trunk and then stood at attention in the door. He had expected Armitage to condemn the place in bitter language, but the proprietor of the abandoned hunting preserve was in excellent spirits and whistled blithely as he drew out his keys.

"The place was built by fools," declared Oscar gloomily.

"Undoubtedly! There is a saying that fools build houses and wise men live in them. You see where that leaves us, Oscar. Let us be cheerful!"

He tried the shower and changed his raiment, while Oscar prepared coffee and laid a cloth on the long table before the fire. When Armitage appeared coffee steamed in the tin pot in which it had been made. Bacon, eggs and toast were further offered.

"You have done excellently well, Oscar. Go get your own breakfast." Armitage dropped a lump of sugar into his coffee cup and surveyed the room.

A large map of Virginia and a series of hunting prints hung on the untinted walls, and there were racks for guns, and a work bench at one end of the room where guns might be taken apart and cleaned. A few novels, several three-year-old magazines and a variety of pipes remained on the shelf above the fireplace. The house offered possibilities of meager comfort, and that was about all. Armitage remembered what the agent through whom he had made the purchase had said—that the place had proved too isolated for even a hunting preserve and that its only value was in the timber. He was satisfied with his bargain and would not set up a lumber mill yet awhile. He lit a cigar and settled himself in an easy chair before the fire, glad of the luxury of peace and quiet after his circuitous journey and the tumult of doubt and question that had shaken him.

He slit the wrapper of the Washington newspaper that Oscar had brought from the mountain postoffice and scanned the headlines. He read with care a dispatch from London that purported to reflect the sentiment of the continental capitals toward Charles Louis, the new emperor of Austria-Hungary, and the paper dropped upon his knees, and he stared into the fire. Then he picked up a paper of earlier date and read all the foreign dispatches and the news of Washington. He was about to toss the paper aside when his eyes fell upon a boldly headlined article that caught his heart to throb fiercely. It recited the sudden reappearance of the fraudulent Baron von Kisel in Washington and described in detail the baron's escapades at Bar Harbor and his later career in California and elsewhere. Then followed a story, veiled in careful phrases, but bared, so the article recited, upon information furnished by a gentleman of extensive acquaintance on both sides of the Atlantic, that Baron von Kisel, under a new pseudonym and with even more daring effrontery, had within a fortnight sought to intrude himself in the most exclusive circles of Washington.

Armitage's cigar slipped from his fingers and fell upon the brick hearth as he read:

"The boldness of this clever adventurer is said to have reached a climax in this city within a few days. He had, under the name of Armitage, palmed himself off upon members of one of the most distinguished families of the capital, whom he had met abroad during the winter. A young gentleman of this family, who, it will suffice to say, bears a commission and title from the American government, entertained a small company of friends at a Washington club only a few nights ago, and this plausible adventurer was among the guests. He was recognized at once by one of the foreigners present, who, out of consideration for the host and fellow guests, held his tongue, but it is understood that this gentleman sought Armitage privately and warned him to leave Washington, which accounts for the fact that the suspicious apartments at the New American in which Mr. John Armitage, alias Baron von Kisel, had established himself were vacated immediately. None of those present at the supper will talk of the matter, but it has been the subject of lively gossip for several days, and the German embassy is said to have laid before the Washington police all the information in its archives relating to the American adventures of this impudent scoundrel."

Armitage rose, dropped the paper into the fire, and with his elbow resting on the mantel shelf, watched it burn. He laughed suddenly and faced about, his back to the flames. Oscar stood at attention in the middle of the room.

"Shall we unpack—yes?"

"It is a capital idea," said John Armitage.

"I was struck for my captain also, who had fourteen pairs of boots and a bad disposition—and his uniforms—yes? He was very pretty to look at on a horse."

Armitage dropped the ideal is paper into the fire.

High, Oscar, but I shall do my best. That one first please."

The contents of the two trunks were disposed of deftly by Oscar as Armitage directed. One of the bedrooms was utilized as a closet, and garments for every imaginable occasion were brought forth. There were stout English tweeds for the heaviest weather, two dress suits and Norfolk jackets in corduroy. The owner's taste ran to grays and browns, it seemed, and he whimsically ordered his raiment grouped by colors as he lounged about with a pipe in his mouth.

"You may hang those coats on the string provided by my predecessor,"

Armitage said, looking at the coats hanging on the wall.

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Chapter XX

THE LADY OF THE PERGOLA.

A FEW photographs of foreign scenes tucked on the walls; a Roman blanket hung as a tapestry over the mantel; a portfolio and traveler's writing materials distributed about a table produced for the purpose, and additions to the meager bookshelf—a line of Breders, a pocket atlas, a comprehensive American railway guide, several volumes of German and French poetry—and the place was not so bad. Armitage slept for an hour after a simple luncheon had been prepared by Oscar, studied his letters and cablegrams—made, in fact, some notes in regard to them and wrote replies. Then at 4 o'clock he told Oscar to saddle the horses.

"It is spring, and in April a man's blood will not be quiet. We shall go forth and taste the air."

He had studied the map of Lamar county with care and led the way out of his own preserve by the road over which they had entered in the morning. Oscar and his horses were a credit to the training of the American army and would have passed inspection anywhere. Armitage watched his adjutant with approval. The man served without question, and quicker of wit than of speech, his buff gauntleted hand went to his hat brim whenever Armitage addressed him.

They sought again the spot whence Armitage had first looked down upon Storm valley, and he opened his pocket map, the better to clarify his ideas of the region.

"We shall go down into the valley, Oscar," he said, and thereafter it was that led.

They struck presently into an old road that had been an early highway across the mountains. Above and below the forest hung gloomily, and passing clouds darkened the slopes and occasionally spilled rain. Armitage drew on his cloak, and Oscar enveloped himself in a slicker as they rode through a sharp shower. At a lower level they came into fair weather again and, crossing a bridge, rode down into Storm valley. The road at once bore marks of care, and they passed a number of traps that spoke unmistakably of cities and riders whose mounts knew well the bridge paths of Central park. The hotel loomed massively before them and beyond were handsome estates, and ambitious mansions scattered through the valley and on the lower slopes.

Armitage paused in a clump of trees and dismounted.

"You will stay here until I come back. And remember that we don't know any one, and at our time of life, Oscar, one should be wary of making new acquaintances."

He tossed his cloak over the saddle and walked toward the inn. The size of the place and the great number of people going and coming surprised him, but in the numbers he saw his own security, and he walked boldly up the steps of the main hotel entrance. He stepped into the long corridor of the inn, where many people lounged about, and heard with keen satisfaction and relief the click of a telegraph instrument that seemed at once to bring him into contact with the remote world. He filed his telegrams and walked the length of the broad hall, his gait crisp under his arm. The gay banter and laughter of a group of young men and women just returned from a drive gave him a touch of heartache, for there was a girl somewhere in the valley whom he had followed across the sea, and these people were of her own world; they undoubtedly knew her; very likely she came often to this huge caravansary and mingled with them.

At the entrance he passed Baron von Marhof, the Austrian ambassador, who, by reason of the death of his royal chief, had taken a cottage at the Springs to emphasize his abstinence from the life of the capital. The ambassador lifted his eyes and bowed to Armitage, as he bowed to a great many young men whose names he never remembered; but, oddly enough, the baron paused, stared after Armitage for a moment, then shook his head and walked on with knitted brows. Armitage had lifted his hat and passed out, tapping his leg with his crop.

He walked toward the private houses that lay scattered over the valley and along the gradual slope of the hills as though carelessly stung from a dice box. Many of the places were handsome estates, with imposing houses set amid beautiful gardens. Half a mile from the hotel he stopped a passing negro to ask who owned a large house that stood well back from the road. The man answered. He seemed anxious to impart further information, and Armitage availed himself of the opportunity.

"How near is Judge Claiborne's place?" he asked.

The man pointed. It was the next house on the right-hand side, and Armitage smiled to himself and strolled on.

He looked down in a moment upon a pretty estate, distinguished by its formal garden, but with the broad acres of a practical farm stretching far out into the valley. The lawn terraces were green, broken only by plots of spring flowers. The walks were walked in law and private. The house, of the pillared colonial type, overlooked a series of terraces. A long pergola, with pillars topped by red

urns, curved gradually through the garden toward the mansion. Armitage followed a side road along the brick partition wall and contemplated the inner landscape. The sharp snap of a gardener's shears far up the slope was the only sound that reached him. It was a charming place, and he yielded

him a new impression of her character. "But Captain Claiborne—"

He ceased suddenly and she anticipated the question at which he had faltered and answered, a little telly: "I do not consider it any of my business to meddle in your affairs with my brother. He unobtrusively believes you are the impostor who palmed himself off at Bar Harbor as the Baron von Kisel. He was told so—"

"By M. Chauvenet?"

"So he said."

"And of course he is a capital witness. There is no doubt of Chauvenet's entire credibility," declared Armitage, a little airily.

"I should say not," said Shirley unresponsively. "I am quite as sure that he was not the false baron as I am that you were not."

Armitage laughed. "That is a little pointed."

"It was meant to be," said Shirley sternly. "It is—she weighed the word—'ridiculous that both of you should be here.'"

"Thank you for my half! I didn't know he was here! But I am not exactly here—I have a much safer place." He swept the blue billed horizon with his hand. "M. Chauvenet and I will not shoot at each other in the hotel dining room. But I am really relieved that he has come. We have an interesting fashion of running into each other. It would positively grieve me to be obliged to wait long for him."

He smiled and thrust his hat under his arm. The sun was dropping behind the great western barricade, and a chill wind crept sharply over the valley.

"He started to walk beside her as she turned away, but she paused abruptly. 'Oh, this won't do at all! I can't be seen with you, even in the shadow of my own house. I must trouble you to take the side gate,' and she indicated it by a nod of her head."

"Not if I know myself! I am not a fraudulent member of the German nobility—you have told me so yourself. Your conscience is clear, I assure you mine is equally so! And I am not a person, Miss Claiborne, to sneak out by side gates, particularly when I came over the fence! It's a long way around anyhow, and I have a horse over there somewhere by the inn."

"My brother—"

"Is at Fort Myer, of course. At about this hour they are having dress parade, and he is thoroughly occupied."

"But—there is M. Chauvenet. He has nothing to do but amuse himself."

They had reached the veranda steps, and she ran to the top and turned for a moment to look at him. He still carried his hat and crop in one hand and had dropped the other into the side pocket of his coat. He was wholly at ease, and the wind ruffled his hair and gave him a boyish look that Shirley liked. But she had no wish to be found with him, and she instantly nodded his dismissal and half turned away to go into the house, when he detained her for a moment.

"I am perfectly willing to afford M. Chauvenet all imaginable entertainment. We are bound to have many meetings. I am afraid he reached this charming valley before me; but, as a rule, I prefer to be a little ahead of him. It's a whim, the merest whim. I assure you."

He laughed, thinking little of what he said, but delighting in the picture she made, the tall pillars of the veranda framing her against the white wall of the house and the architecture high above speaking, so he thought, for the amplitude, the breadth of her nature. Her green cloth gown afforded the happiest possible contrast with the white background, and her hat—for a gown, let us remember, may express the dressmaker, but a hat expresses the woman who wears it—her hat, Armitage was aware, was a trifle of black velvet caught up at one side with snowy plumes.

Her annoyance at finding herself lingering to listen to him was marked in an almost imperceptible gathering of her brows. It was all the matter of an instant. His heart beat fast in his joy at the sight of her, and the tongue that years of practice had skilled in reserve and evasion was possessed by a reckless spirit.

She nodded carelessly, but said nothing, waiting for him to go on.

"But when I wait for people they always come—even in a strange pergola," he added daringly. "Now, in Geneva, not long ago—"

He lost the profile and gained her face, as he liked it best, though her head was lifted a little high in recent mental against her own yielding curiosity. He was speaking rapidly, and the slight hint of some other tongue than his usually fluent English arrested her ear now, as it had at other times.

In Geneva, when I told a young lady that I was waiting for a very wicked man to appear—it was really the oddest thing in the world that almost immediately M. Jules Chauvenet arrived at nine o'clock! It is inevitable; it is always sure to be my fate," he concluded mournfully.

He bowed low, restored the shabby hat to his head with the least bit of a flourish and strolled away through the garden by a broad walk that led to the front gate.

He would have been interested to know that when he was out of sight Shirley walked to the veranda rail and bent forward, listening to his steps on the gravel, after the hedge and shrubbery had hidden him. And she stood there until the faint click of the gate told her that he had gone.

She did not know that as the gate closed upon him he met Chauvenet face to face.

[To be continued.]

The Daniel Habington.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"No, sir, there's no truth in the rumour—that is to say, I do."—Pittsburg Post.

"You know it—you are quite sure of it?" he asked blankly.

"Certainly. I saw that person—at Bar Harbor. I had gone up from Newport for a week—I was even at a tea where he was quite the lion, and I am sure you are not the same person."

Her direct manner of speech, her delicate tone, in which she placed the matter of his identity on a purely practical and unemotional plane, gave

him a new impression of her character.

"But Captain Claiborne—"

He ceased suddenly and she anticipated the question at which he had faltered and answered, a little telly: "I do not consider it any of my business to meddle in your affairs with my brother. He unobtrusively believes you are the impostor who palmed himself off at Bar Harbor as the Baron von Kisel. He was told so—"

"By M. Chauvenet?"

"So he said."

The Mercury.

JOHN P. HANBORN, Editor and Manager.
Office Telephone 131
Home Telephone 103

Saturday, August 15, 1908.

The prohibition candidate for President may continue to use water for a beverage—but he will be careful hereafter how he uses it for bathing purposes. He recently had a very narrow escape from death by drowning.

The working test for army officers at Fort Ethan Allen this week did not cripple any of the fifteen men engaged. They covered on an average thirty miles a day for three days, which is rather more than the average business man cares to undertake.

Bryan's acceptance speech resembles most Democratic campaign documents in that it sits itself down to nothing but general attacks upon the Republicans. "Tear down" has ever been the Democratic motto, where the Republicans have consistently devoted themselves to building up.

Is Little Holland going to apply the much-needed castigation to Venezuela? It is reported that the Washington government has been delicately asked what it would do in such a case, and it is probable that the answer was not very severe. So long as the Monroe Doctrine is not infringed no one would object to seeing that South American nation properly chastised.

The success of the aeroplane of the Wright Brothers in France has been so marked that some of the French newspapers admit that Frenchmen are but "servants in the art of navigating the air." It is very generally admitted that aeroplanes must look to the aeroplane for perfection, the dirigible balloon having insurmountable defects. If America can blaze the way in the development of airships it will mean another point scored in the history of progress.

Sixty miles an hour at midnight over an unknown country road in an automobile has possibilities of disaster. J. Montgomery Sears who was killed in the western part of the State this week was impeding others as well as himself, and it is well that no innocent traveler on the road was sacrificed instead of the reckless driver of the automobile. The doors of a prison should yield for such as he, but he has already met the punishment of death.

The recent election in the Philippines has aroused much criticism because of the character of the men chosen to the highest offices. One of the successful candidates had a wide reputation as a successful lecturer, who was only saved from due punishment by the general amnesty put forth by the American government after the close of the war. The result is regarded in many places as ample proof that the Filipinos are very far removed from self-government.

Rhode Island Indians have held their annual "wauw" this week, thus giving a reminder that there are still some native redskins within the boundaries of this small State. The last remnants of the once powerful Narragansett tribe, numbering some 25 in all, were the participants in the recent ceremony. A few years hence the tribe will probably be entirely obliterated or so mingled with the whites that their identity will be hopelessly lost.

The vicinity of Boston has seen some lively work for the police during the last month or so. Yeggmen have perpetrated outrages at frequent intervals and the police there for have been upon them to stop them. It may be questioned that the police are an efficient as any force can be, but the efficient means that accompanied the shooting of the one bandit whom the police were able to corner some weeks ago did not speak well for the department discipline. Since that time they have accomplished absolutely nothing in their pursuit of the outlaws.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford wants to land its passengers in down town New York over its own tracks and is even willing to go to the expense of building a new subway to accomplish this. That is what President Mellen said to the rapid transit commission in New York this week. While no definite plans have been made to such an end, it is not unreasonable to suppose that some day in the not far distant future the New Haven will secure their own terminal, and then considerable benefit will be derived by passengers from this end of the road.

Somehow the opening sentence of Bryan's speech to the committee that notified him of his nomination does not sound at all like the Bryan that we have known so long. He began: "I cannot accept the nomination which you officially tender." Now really, that was not at all like the Great Commoner, was it? Had he said: "I thank you, gentlemen, for the nomination that I have extracted from you with a club because I need the publicity that it brings," the country would at once have recognized his honesty of conviction. Still, after much deliberation, he did consent to again sacrifice himself for the good of the party and for the welfare of the country and for the financial returns that he may expect from his lecture tour after he has been again elected.

Queer Uses for Pictures.

Though the prime purpose of pictures is to please and instruct, they have at times been diverted to other uses. During the recent hearing of a case at a London police court a witness gave evidence that the prisoner, who was charged with attempted murder and suicide, had drawn his attention to a couple of pictures on the back of which, written in pencil, was a statement by the accused, setting forth the reason for his premeditated crime.

Ever now pictures have been exhibited in Hymen's cause. That celebrated painter of flower and figure subjects, William Hunt, was on one occasion commissioned by a gentleman to paint his portrait in the attitude of kneeling and holding in his hand an open scroll wherein were written a declaration of love and an offer of marriage. The lady to whom this unusual proposal of marriage was sent replied with a check drawing of herself with a sheet of paper in her hand on which was inscribed a laconic "Yes."

Pictures have not infrequently been chosen by unscrupulous temptations hiding places for their wills. To an even greater length of eccentricity did a gentleman go when he gave a handsome sum to Maudslayi to execute a figure subject on the back of his will, which, thus adorned, was framed and hung in his drawing room.

As debt collectors, too, they proved efficacious. At a young man, received an order from certain Marylebone tradesmen to make a dozen caricature sketches of a resident of the locality who was notably averse to settling his accounts. These portraits, when finished were displayed in the windows of their subjects' long suffering creditors, who refused to remove them from the public gaze until their bills were paid. Seeing no way of escaping ridicule save by yielding to their just demands, the gentleman, on condition that the objectionable portraits were destroyed, agreed to discharge his debts.

Some after he settled in London Sir Thomas Lawrence, then a mere youth, was witness to a dastardly assault on a lady by a ruffian, who managed to make good his escape, not, however, before he had been well noted by the young artist, who, at once returning to his studio in Leicester square, drew from memory a speaking portrait. This, which he handed to the police, was the means of bringing the criminal to justice.

That wayward genius, George Morland, was often sorely pressed for money to pay his debts. On one occasion he stayed at an inn where he speedily ran up an account which he was unable to meet. He offered a picture in payment, but the landlord shook his head. Suddenly, however, his eyes brightened, and he invited the artist to step into his yard, where, he trusted, a means of settlement might be found. Morland did so, and a few days later he received his bill receipted. The following Sunday morn he appeared at church in a tatty bow waistcoat, being nothing less than the painter's payment, which, stretched across his ample chest, displayed to the amazed congregation the picture of a gigantic pig.

New Secretary Haywood.

William Haywood, who succeeds Elmer Davis as secretary of the Republican National Committee, and who will have charge of the campaign in the West and Middle West, has the distinction of being the youngest judge and the youngest brigadier general in his native State, Nebraska, and the youngest State chairman in the country. He has been chairman of the Nebraska State Central Committee for two years, but will resign to give his full time to his new duties.

Six feet two inches tall, of splendid figure, he is a man of striking appearance and looks more than his thirty-one years. He was born in Nebraska City, and has been practicing law there since he was graduated from the University of Nebraska, in 1901. He has a small fortune, inherited from his father, M. L. Haywood, who was elected to the United States Senate from Nebraska in 1902 and died on the day he was to take his seat.

The son was elected county judge in Nebraska several years ago but he gave up the place and resumed the practice of law. He was a captain in the Second Nebraska Regiment and returned from Chautauque with the rank of colonel. Later he was made brigadier general of the State militia. He is well known throughout his State, and has been looked upon for several years as the coming man in the State Republican organization.

When he was made State chairman he devised a card system and perfected it to such a degree that Frank H. Hitchcock regarded him as a highly desirable man to have connected with the National Committee. He is married and has one child.

Taft as a Fairy.

Campaign reports that William H. Taft, the Republican nominee for President, had no particular religious belief are declared without foundation. Mr. Taft is a Unitarian. He was a member of the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Cincinnati, of which the Rev. George A. Thayer is pastor, when he was a young man. So far as Mr. Thayer knows, he is still a member.

"Will Taft's father, Judge Alphonso Taft, and Mrs. Taft were Unitarians and were members of the congregation of which I am now pastor," said Mr. Thayer. "Judge Alphonso Taft was a trustee of my church for many years. Will Taft attended my church regularly when he lived in Cincinnati, but he has had no opportunity to do so since he has become a wanderer on the face of the earth. He became a member of the congregation when he was a young man."

"Will was a very enthusiastic member of the Unity Club as a young man and once took the part of a fairy in a fairy play. Will must have weighed about 175 pounds then, and he made a very plump fairy, to be sure."

The old phrase, "Blood is thicker than water," has been revived by the visit of the American battleship fleet to Australia. The officers and men are being entertained there with unparalleled hospitality and the friendly feeling between the two great English-speaking nations has been considerably augmented by the visit.

Legal View of Broken Hearts.

England is the best place—from the plaintiff's point of view—for a breach of promise action. All other countries seem to regard with grave suspicion any attempt to recover monetary compensation for the loss of a prospective husband, and unless the plaintiff has a very strong case indeed it is never worth her while to carry her grievance to the law courts.

In France breach of promise cases are rare for the simple reason that the law requires the plaintiff to prove that she has suffered pecuniary loss. Now this is not an easy thing to do on the part of the lady, especially in a country where a girl without a dowry, a marriage portion—has a poor chance of finding a husband. Holland and Austria have adopted the French system, and the result has been about the same. Breach actions are rare, the injured damsel or her relatives usually taking the law into their own hands.

Practical Germany, as might be expected, has perhaps the best method for solving this problem. When a young couple become engaged they have to go through a public betrothal ceremony that ought to knock all the shyness out of them. In the local town hall the pair declare their affection, willingness to marry, etc., ending by signing a collection of documents that apparently leave no loophole for escape.

But if either party to the contract wishes to withdraw another journey is undertaken, to the town hall and another collection of documents signed, witnessed and sealed. Then the authorities determine the question of compensation—should it be claimed. In this connection it may be said that the man can, and often does, claim a solatium for his wounded feelings. The usual award is one-fifth of the marriage dowry. It is easy to understand, when all this is remembered, how loath the young people of Germany are to break their betrothal bonds.

As the law of Italy offers little or no protection whatever to jilted damsels and avails it is not surprising that the alimony should be the favorite mode of deciding breach of promise cases. The Italian law demands that the person suing for "breach" shall produce a written promise to marry from the defendant; otherwise the action cannot proceed. This difficulty is almost insurmountable, and the Italian judges are seldom troubled to adjudicate between one time lover.

To bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against a reigning monarch is an achievement, but it has been done, and by an English lady. It is now 15 years since Miss Jessie Miguel sued the Sultan of Johore, and as there was a doubt whether the ducky was actually a reigning monarch the case was allowed to come into court. But the judge quickly disposed of the action by ruling it inadmissible for the reasons referred to and Miss Miguel was dissatisfied.

It is remarkable that one of the two actions which have brought verdicts of 10,000 pounds each to the plaintiffs should have had for its defendant the ruler of a matrimonial paper. The second case was between a well known actress and the eldest son of an earl.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyright 1908 by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C., Aug. 15, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent by way of the northern states, August 11 to 15, warm wave 10 to 14, cool wave 15 to 17. Next disturbance will pass through the southern states and will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 17, cross Pacific slope by close of 18, great central valleys 19 to 21, eastern states 22. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 17, great central valleys 19, eastern states 21. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states 24.

At this season will keep well to the south the warm wave will not have much effect on the northern states, consequently temperatures will average unusually high in the southern states for the week ending Aug. 25 and unusually low in the northern states and Canada for the week ending Aug. 19.

Not much rain in northern states during week ending Aug. 25 and not much rain in southern states Aug. 15 to 25. The storm described above is not expected to be of great force nor will it be of any unusual interest beyond the descriptions given above.

Immediately following Aug. 15 the storm will be severe on Pacific slope and in the countries lying east of mountain 24. A wave of very low temperatures will cross the continent Aug. 15 to 17.

The Red river of the North and the Mississippi river, together with their tributaries, constitute the central valleys which I will divide into two parts by a line about parallel 37 and will call them north central and south central valleys. They will extend westward to the Rockies and eastward to the Alleghenies, except in Canada the north central valleys will extend eastward to meridian 90. The Atlantic slope will be divided into a northern and southern Atlantic states. On the Pacific slope I will only forecast for north of San Francisco. This will make five divisions and my improved system will enable me to make forecasts for each division separately and more in detail.

A new term has been coined for the automobile world. A New York magistrate has decided that a chauffeur who uses his master's car for independent trips without the owner's permission is guilty of "joy riding." He made the punishment severe to deter others from an offense that has become very common.

Charles P. Gardner, aged 75, well known as a patron of music, died at Brookline, Mass., after a long illness.

Arthur M. Hired, aged 54, a clerk in a hardware store at Gardner, Mass., committed suicide by hanging. No cause for the act is known.

Albert Mena of Providence was drowned in the Pawtuxet river while canoeing.

The petty officers and seamen of the gunboat Dolphin presented a gilded bronze tablet to the city of Gloucester as a mark of appreciation of courtesies extended to the men of the Dolphin in past visits to that port. The tablet is a replica of the flag of the President of the United States.

Conditions are Improving.

The more one studies the economic conditions of the country, the more one is impressed by the evidence of stability and strength. Without question we have benefited greatly by the curtailment of credit and of production. The way seems to be open now for a substantial betterment along legitimate lines.

By reason of our economy we have created a vacuum which must be filled, and besides, we have accumulated a money reserve which not only makes possible, but which invites, new enterprises.

The opinion is growing that the moment the capital interests of the country feel assured that Taft will be elected, that moment we shall witness a trade revival of large dimensions. Already reports from the far West tell of a decided improvement. Railroads are gradually preparing for a marked increase in tonnage. Because we are merely in the preparatory stage the great mass of people cannot see the drift we can those who occupy the point of vantage, but if these in best position to judge are correct in their analysis, the improvement will continue to increase and broaden.—Boston News Bureau.

Massachusetts in the Lead.

Massachusetts leads the country in the manufacture of boots and shoes, cotton and woolen goods. The census of the commonwealth for the decade ending 1905 published today shows that at the end of that period there were 10,736 manufacturing establishments in the state making goods with a yearly value of \$1,124,092,051, and employing 488,599 persons whose average yearly wage was \$475.82. The value of manufactured products increased in 10 years more than 68 per cent., but the number of establishments decreased 23 per cent., owing to consolidation. The boots and shoes made in 1905 were worth \$144,291,426, or nearly half of the total valuation for the United States. The increase since 1900 was 23 per cent. Cotton goods were valued at \$128,171,448, an increase since 1900 of 16 per cent., and woolen goods at \$44,658,940, an increase of 44 per cent. In the manufacture of leather and tanned goods, rubber goods, paper and pulp the state ranked second, in canning and preserving, hosiery and knit goods, jewelry, confectionery and musical instruments, third.

Now that a torpedo has been invented that will pierce the protective armor spread about warships it is up to the inventors to perfect a net that cannot be pierced by the torpedo. Defensive implements have hitherto kept pace with offensive weapons, and these ingenuity is taxed to its utmost to maintain the balance.

Farm Work by Prisoners.

"Realizing that crime in many instances is the result of early environment, which made the criminal what he is, the Danish Government takes a paternal interest in those who are brought within the charge of the prison authorities," said Eric Herland, a lumber merchant of Traverso City, Mich., who has been on a visit to his native land, Denmark.

"Denmark still possesses in the heaths of Jutland a large undeveloped territory that requires much labor to make it suitable for agricultural purposes," continued Mr. Herland. "Of late years, however, many farms have begun to dot this Jutland landscape. Through persistent efforts trees are now in evidence where formerly the heaths were barren except for unbroken stretches of ling. Acres of grain-bearing soil have replaced the tough undergrowth that was good for nothing but the heath."

"The work of reclaiming the Danish heaths has been accomplished largely through the co-operation of the Danish prison authorities and individuals who wish to embark in farming on their own accounts and had no means of buying ground. In each instance every inducement is offered the agriculturist to become the owner of a plot of ground on the heath. For him to break up the earth single handed and start business would be a physical impossibility. It is here the prisoners do the preliminary work."

"A freedom which will not infringe on the regulations necessary to keep up discipline is enjoyed by the prisoners as the Danish heath, but the work is no child's play. Severe as is the labor, however, seldom is a prisoner heard to complain, for if such complaints should reach the ears of the officials the convict would at once be deprived of his semi-liberty and returned to the confinement of the prison. The average human being being born free, too well to voluntarily exchange it for the prison cell."

"An important adjunct is found in the large dogs which are a feature of the prison colony on the heath. There is little doubt that these four-footed guards inspire respect."—Washington Post.

Middletown.

A pleasant outing was enjoyed by the members of Aquidneck Grange and their families on Thursday afternoon on the beautiful natural grounds, known as "Vaucluse," on Wapping Road, the former home of the late Thomas Hamard. The afternoon was spent in sports by the children, under the management of Mr. J. Oscar Peckham, who also had a variety of small novelties for the little folks, of whom there was a goodly number. The older members formed into various pleasure parties, who wandered among the picturesque walks and shady groves, which are famous all over this part of the island. Luncheon was served late in the afternoon and the gathering, comprising somewhere in the vicinity of 100 people, broke up about 6 o'clock.

The picnic form of observing Children's Day seemed an advantage over the usual "Children's Night" exercises, formerly held at the town hall, in that it affords the mother of small children an opportunity to enjoy the day out doors with their children. This was the second picnic held by the Grange.

THAW IS BANKRUPT

Efforts Will Be Made to Get Him Out of New York State

Pittsburg, Aug. 13.—Harry K. Thaw was formally adjudged a bankrupt by Referee in Bankruptcy Blair. This action was a surprise, as United States Commissioner Lindsay had set Aug. 21 as the date for the adjudication.

No explanation of the change of plans has been made, but it is believed here that Hovever O'Mara's hurried visit to Thaw at Poughkeepsie may have had something to do with the move. Blair has not announced the date of the first meeting of Thaw's creditors. Under the law this must be held not sooner than ten days and within thirty days.

An effort will be made to bring Thaw to Pittsburg for the first meeting of creditors and unless District Attorney Jerome of New York is able to prevent his coming, it is believed Thaw will be in Pittsburg within thirty days.

Every move in the Thaw proceedings has shown the determination of Thaw and his counsel to take his case out of the New York courts and force a hearing on the question of his mental condition in the Pittsburg courts.

Some attorneys believe that soon after Thaw is brought here to face his creditors an attempt in vain will be made to institute in local county courts. If the verdict in such lawsuit should be that Thaw is sane, New York authorities probably would be unable to get him back to that state, where the only ground for holding him a prisoner at present is that he is an insane person.

Thaw's status would then be the same as that of John A. Chanler of Richmond, who is held to be insane in New York state, but sane in Virginia, his native state, where he has been living since escaping from a New York asylum. It is not safe, however, for Chanler to visit New York, and property he owns there is controlled by a guardian.

Nine Fishermen Drowned

Dallfax, Aug. 10.—The Gloucester, Mass., fishing schooner Mangle and May, Captain Ezekiel McCalhoun, was run down and sunk by the German schooner Freya, Captain Haas, sixty miles southeast of Dallfax, at 11:30 p. m. on Saturday, and McCalhoun and eight of his crew were drowned. At the time of the collision a dense fog prevailed and the fishing schooner quickly went to the bottom.

Church Destroyed by Fire

Palmer, Mass., Aug. 14.—The Second Baptist church, a wooden structure, half a century old and valued with its furnishings at \$10,000, was burned early this morning. The fire, which was discovered in a corner of the building where electric light wires entered, is believed to have been caused by a bolt of lightning passing along the wires. All the contents of the building were burned with it.

For Sale in Portsmouth

A beautifully situated site containing some seven and commanding extensive view of land and sea. Well suited for a gentleman's country residence, near Brimley Lane and Wapping Road.

APPLY TO

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
182 Bellevue Avenue, Telephone 302.

Marriages.

In Fall River, Mass., 6th inst., May Elizabeth Feltman and Charles A. Wood, both of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, 14th inst., at the residence of her parents, 41 Prospect Hill street, Mary Louise, daughter of John and Catherine Malger Harrison, aged 18 months.

In this city, 14th inst., at her residence, 14 Dearborn street, Mary E. wife of John F. Kane.

In this city, 14th inst., at the residence of his parents, Harrington, Joseph, infant son of Daniel D. and Bridget Elton.

In this city, 14th inst., Mary W. widow of George C. Good.

In Portsmouth, 14th inst., George, only daughter of George and Elizabeth Taylor, in her 86th year.

In South Portsmouth, 14th inst., at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Brazil, Keat Main road, Josephine Brazil, wife of Frank S. Batescourt and daughter of Frances and the late John T. Brazil.

In Portsmouth, 14th inst., Robert M. Ayer, aged 51 years.

In Jamestown, 14th inst., Robert Taylor, aged 55 years.

At Exeter, N. Y., 14th inst., Charles Wood, formerly of this city, aged 75 years.

Are free from all acids and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try the M.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small pills, no purging, no griping, no pain.

FOR RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRUISES, AND SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, AND BILIOUSNESS, AND COLIC, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

GUARANTY SICK HEADACHES.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MONTH	DAY	MOON	WIND	TEMP.	RAIN
15	15	15	15	15	15
16	16	16	16	16	16
17	17	17	17	17	17
18	18	18	18	18	18
19	19	19	19	19	19
20	20	20	20	20	20
21	21	21	21	21	21
22	22	22	22	22	22
23	23	23	23	23	23
24	24	24	24	24	24
25	25	25	25	25	25
26	26	26	26	26	26
27	27	27	27	27	27
28	28	28	28	28	28
29	29	29	29	29	29
30	30	30	30	30	30
31	31	31	31	31	31

IT'S IT.

It's the best and best. Will not rot. Water proof and alkali proof. Will stand up to anything. Required for building for many years. Can be used on steel or iron roofs. Can be applied over old roofs. Elastic seal. No leakage. No staining.

WHAT IS IT?

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WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

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FOR EVERY NEED, AT

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T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

A Full Line of all the

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Improved Varieties

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VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

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Poultry Crit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

5-217

ARE YOU SATISFIED

WITH THE

I C E

MADE A BRAVE FIGHT FOR LIVES

Bullets Passed Through Bodies of Methuen Policemen

THEN BEATEN WITH ROCKS

State Police Got a Clue That Promises Interesting Developments—Crime Not Committed by Ordinary Country Thieves—Assassins May Have Been Members of Gang That Recently "Shot Up" Boston

Methuen, Mass., Aug. 11.—A clue that promises interesting developments has been found by state officers investigating the brutal murders of Charles H. Emerson and Frank McDermott, the policemen who were shot and beaten to death late Saturday night while trying to catch him and garden thieves who have been causing annoyance and loss to farmers in this vicinity for some time. The nature of the clue is not made public, but the officers say that they think that within another day they can offer some interesting developments.

So far as the actual work has gone towards apprehending the persons who killed the two officers, the mystery of the crime is as deep as it was when the bodies were discovered among the bushes in a peat meadow on the Lowell road, Sunday.

The autopsy showed that both the victims had been shot either at close range or with powerful revolvers, for the bullets passed through the bodies. There were evidences on the ground nearby to show that, although evidently shot from ambush, the two officers made a brave fight for their lives and were finally beaten to death with heavy rocks.

The theory that the murders were committed by the two missing members of the gang of three desperadoes that shot up a wagon in Jamaica Plain the latter part of July and then fought a sensational running battle with the Boston police force on the following night, resulting in the death of one of the outlaws, has gained ground rapidly. Inspectors Wolf and Storrance of Boston have come to town in connection with the case. The Boston officers and the state police admit that the killing of the two Methuen officers has many similar aspects of the Jamaica Plain affray. It is argued that a crime so desperate and brutal as the murder of the two officers would not have been committed by ordinary country thieves.

A theory that the murder may have been one of revenge is also advanced. A large colony of Italians living on the outskirts of Lawrence was raided recently and liquor seized. They defended themselves so skillfully, however, in court, that their chances of freedom looked good when the evidence of Emerson and McDermott turned the scales and convicted them. It is pointed out that the murders were committed not far from the Italian colony.

Joseph Christian, a 15-year-old Polisher, employed on a milk team, was questioned by the police on the story he is said to have told Sunday morning before the murders became known to the public. It is claimed that he had asked one of the employees of the milk company if he had heard of two Methuen police being knocked out in a fight. Upon being questioned at the Lawrence police station the boy is said to have told the officers that two French boys whom he did not know had asked him if he had heard of two Andover policemen being "laid out" in a fight, and that at that time he did not know that two Methuen officers had been killed. After the police had questioned him the lad was let go.

The selectmen of Methuen held a special meeting yesterday afternoon to consider the advisability of offering a reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderers, but upon learning from the state police that they had a clue that might develop within twenty-four hours, the selectmen decided to postpone any action on offering a reward until later. There was also talk among the townspeople of taking up subscriptions for a reward, but nothing definite was done in the matter.

Methuen, Mass., Aug. 13.—No definite clues have developed from the investigation by the local and state police of the murders of Officers Emerson and McDermott last Sunday morning. Many rumors which came to headquarters were followed up, but all proved to be apparently useless, as far as indicating the whereabouts of the murderous gang was concerned.

Individual Bet No Crime
New York, Aug. 13.—Charles Mahoney, who was arrested for receiving \$500 to bet for a friend on a horse, was discharged from custody. The court of special sessions acquitted him of the charge of bookmaking, on Justice Gaynor's recent decision that an individual bet is not a crime. The case was conducted personally by District Attorney Jerome, who told the justices that he had stung it out for a test.

Lightning Kills a Maine Youth
Madison, Me., Aug. 12.—During a severe storm that visited this place Joseph Delle, Jr., aged 17, was burned to death when the load of oats on which he was riding was struck by lightning and set on fire. One of the oxen attached to the wagon was killed and Delle's father was knocked unconscious.

A Baseball Fatality
Pawtucket, R. I., Aug. 10.—William Aubrey, aged 15, was playing ball in Lookdale Saturday, and while at the bat was knocked unconscious by a pitched ball hitting him on the temple. Coming to his senses he took his base and continued the game. At night he became sick and died Sunday. The cause of death was cerebral hemorrhage.

YOUNG TURKS' THREAT

Has Terrorized the Retiring Turkish Minister at Washington

Washington, Aug. 14.—Mehmed Ali Bey, the recalled Turkish minister, is in danger of his life, if an ominous message, written on red paper with black ink, and signed "The Avengers of Our Nation," is to be credited. The message was delivered to him several hours after he was succeeded by Mumdji Bey. It comes supposedly from members of the Young Turkish party in New York and reads:

"If you dare to come to New York we will kill you. The sun has risen anew on our nation. They that have dimmed the lustre of its name must die. Izzet Bey and his son shall answer to those who love their country."
The message has terrified Mehmed Ali Bey, who is sick in bed. The new chargé, Mumdji Bey, however, says the message is from hotheads and that Mehmed will be protected.

JAPAN IS FRIENDLY TOWARD AMERICA

Strong Note of International Amity Is Sounded

New York, Aug. 12.—Baron Takahira, Japanese ambassador at Washington, presided over a luncheon at Hotel Astor tendered Thomas J. O'Brien, American ambassador to Japan, by the Japanese Society of New York. Rear Admiral Coghlin, when called upon to speak, talked of the fleet at sea, praised the qualities of the American sailors, and said he hoped the navy would increase, not against the interest of peace, but to secure peace and to prevent "anyone from treading on the tail of our coat."

Speeches were made by Baron Takahira, Ambassador O'Brien and Consul General Mitsuoka of New York, in which each predicted lasting peace, amicable trade relations and friendship between the United States and Japan, and ridiculed the idea that all misunderstanding between the two countries could not be settled without the talk of war.

Baron Takahira, referring to the talk of war between this country and Japan, said: "We have never had an idea for a moment of displacing your people, much less of waging war against you, and it is unnecessary to say that none of the intelligent people of the two countries believed in the possibility of hostility between the two nations."

Ambassador O'Brien spoke of the commercial relations between the two nations and declared that each was of great importance to the other. He declared there never had been any danger of war.

Regular Army Maneuvers
Junction City, Kan., Aug. 14.—The first big maneuvers this year at Fort Riley opened when the entire regular army force of 5000 soldiers were maneuvered in the attack and defense of positions against an imaginary army that was supposed to be advancing upon Fort Riley from the north. The payment of the troops commenced today and about \$115,000 will be paid.

Spaniards Welcome Americans
Corunna, Spain, Aug. 13.—The United States schoolship Itasca arrived here yesterday. This is the first vessel of the American government to call at Corunna since the Spanish-American war. The crew of the Itasca was given a splendid welcome on landing, a regatta being organized in their honor.

Wind Too Strong For Airship
Washington, Aug. 14.—Owing to a ten-mile wind from the south, Captain Baldwin postponed the second official speed trial of his airship. Baldwin is confident that he will make the required speed of twenty miles an hour. The airship will not be rejected unless less than sixteen miles an hour are made.

Total Abstinence Resolutions
New Haven, Aug. 14.—Denunciation of the liquor traffic, an appeal for sanctification of Sunday, and the exclusion from membership in Catholic societies of those engaged in the liquor traffic were the striking features of the resolutions adopted by the national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union.

King Alfonso in France
Bordeaux, Aug. 14.—King Alfonso and Queen Victoria arrived here today. The queen is going to the Isle of Wight to visit her mother, Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, but King Alfonso remained here in order to enable Professor Moure, who operated on his nose last year, to make an examination of that organ.

Grafters to Make Restitution
Constantinople, Aug. 14.—Two of the palace officials under arrest, Mehmet Riza and Zekki Pascha, ex-minister of military schools, have been released on the understanding that they will restore money and land alleged to have been acquired illegally during their tenure of office, together totalling some \$1,500,000.

PAY HOMAGE TO PITCHER YOUNG

Great Outpouring of Fans at Benefit Game at Boston

THREE SILVER LOVING CUPS

Traveling Bag, Big Floral Pieces and a Substantial Sum of Money Added to the Possessions of the Grand Old Man of the Diamond in Appreciation of His Nineteen Years of Good Work in the Ball Field

Boston, Aug. 14.—Nearly 20,000 people turned out from all over New England to pay tribute to Boston Teammate Young of Peoli, O., better known as "Cy," the Boston American League baseball team's veteran pitcher.

Three silver loving cups were presented to the "grand old man," also a traveling bag and two big floral pieces. The largest cup was given to Young by his many admirers through the Boston Post. Lieutenant Governor Draper making the presentation. Manager Fiedler Jones of the Chicago American club made the presentation of a large silver cup, given by the players of the American league. One other cup was given by a friend and a traveling bag by the umpire of the American league. The Boston National league club gave a big floral offering.

It was decidedly "Cy" Young's day, the day on which to show appreciation of his nineteen years of service on the diamond. It was all for Young—pate receipts, cheers, everything.

Young had been credited with being the greatest pitcher in the national game, in point of endurance, consistency and brilliancy. Three times has he pitched a "no-hit-no-run" game. Aside from this triple accomplishment he has shown remarkable ability to mow down batsmen, as the expression goes, year after year. Other pitchers have served their brief time and have passed into obscurity. Young remains. Hence this occasion, this outpouring to do him homage.

It is estimated that Cy's revenue from yesterday's game will be in the neighborhood of \$7500.

The main attraction, besides "Cy" himself, was a game between the Boston team and a team of star players picked from the other American league clubs.

A perfect day greeted the enormous crowd and at 2:30 o'clock the regular Boston team, dressed in stage costumes, marched onto the field and around the bases. After amusing the spectators for fifteen minutes, they went to the clubhouse and donned their uniforms and watched the All-Star team practice. The line-up of this team included:

The game was a good one, Boston scoring in the first and fourth innings by timely hits, and the visitors tied the score in the eighth on Wagner's error and a single. A three-bagger by Collins in the eleventh and a single by Coombs sent in the winning run. Boston had a man on third with none out in the last half of this inning, but could not score. Young pitched only the first two innings. The score by innings:

All Stars . . . 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1—3
Boston . . . 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Batteries—Cahoon, Sugge, Coombs, Burns, Winter, and Schreck; Young, Burchell, Arellanes, Origer and Donohue.

Unusual Ceremony on Warship
Vallejo, Cal., Aug. 13.—Henry P. Bowen, ordinary seaman on the cruiser South Dakota, and Christina Halston of San Francisco were married on the deck of the cruiser at Mare Island. Chaplain McAllister, U. S. N., officiating. This is the first wedding solemnized aboard a war vessel at Mare Island, and the whole ship's company witnessed the ceremony.

Noted Civil Engineer Killed
Denver, Aug. 13.—Charles F. Higbee of Denver, a noted tunnel builder, was almost instantly killed by a broken guy wire at Shoshone, a camp of the Central Colorado Power company. Higbee had constructed forty-nine tunnels. In construction of the Simpson tunnel in Italy he is said to have broken the world's record for fast boring. He was 52 years of age.

Receivers Take Flour Mills
Minneapolis, Aug. 11.—The receivers for the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills company, Ltd., appointed last Saturday by the federal court, have taken charge of the property. To take inventory and to compile the statement of assets and liabilities will take considerable time because of the immensity of the business which has been placed in their control.

Portuguese Revolutionists Active
Lisbon, Aug. 12.—Insistent rumors that the revolutionary propaganda is taking a firmer grip in this country and needs only a master hand to bring about a crisis are given importance by the discovery that there has been heavy smuggling into the country of arms and bombs.

Cotton Mills to Curtail
Ware, Mass., Aug. 11.—The Olin company mills in Ware, employing 2000 people, will shut down Thursday night until Aug. 24 because of general curtailment of output by New England cotton mills. The mills have been running forty hours a week.

Won't Investigate Farming
Ithaca, N. Y., Aug. 14.—Liberty L. Bailey, dean of the Cornell college of agriculture, who was recently appointed by President Roosevelt to act as chairman of a commission of five to investigate the social, sanitary and economic conditions on American farms, has declined the appointment on the ground that he cannot give the subject the time he considers would be necessary to such an important matter.

SCHOOLSHIP A "JONAH"

Third Fatal Accusation on Couronne, Results in Six Deaths

Toulon, Aug. 13.—Six persons were killed and eighteen injured in a gun explosion aboard the gunnery schoolship Couronne, off Les Salines d'Hyeres. The accident occurred while a number of recruits were receiving instructions in handling a 104-millimetre gun, the breach of which blew out. Three of those wounded are in a desperate condition.

The shell had hardly been pushed home when it exploded with tremendous force. Sheets of flame darted backward from the gun and those standing nearby were hurled to the deck. Several of the new men were terribly mutilated. Two were permanently blinded and the limbs of others had to be amputated immediately they arrived at the hospital. All the occupants of the turret were more or less injured.

This is the third fatal accident to occur on board the Couronne within the past sixteen months, all of which were due to the blowing off of breechlocks. In the first, April 10, 1907, three men were killed and several injured, and on Aug. 2 of the same year three men of the crew of a four-inch gun were killed and five were wounded.

NEW ZEALANDERS VISIT WARSHIPS

Praise For Orderly Conduct and Sobriety of Sailors

Auckland, N. Z., Aug. 14.—The officers of the American Atlantic fleet today entertained two thousand New Zealanders aboard the battleship Louisiana. The officers showed their visitors through every part of the great fighting machine and explained to them in detail the workings of the intricate mechanism.

Mayor Myers of Auckland has written W. A. Pritchett, the American consul general, extending his congratulations and those of the citizens of Auckland on the orderly conduct and sobriety of the crews of the battleships. Their behavior, the mayor said, had been most exemplary and reflected the highest credit on the fleet.

Inasmuch as the visit of the fleet is drawing to a close, shore leave was given to as many of the enlisted men as it was possible to spare from the ships today. Hundreds of them were again taken to visit nearby points of interest and later were entertained at luncheon, while others preferred to promenade through the heart of the city and attend the theatres. Several impromptu baseball games were organized and the New Zealanders who attended these were delighted with their introduction to the American national game.

Gloucester Fishermen Seized
Liverpool, N. S., Aug. 14.—Charged with a violation of the Canadian customs regulations, the Gloucester fishing schooner Dictator, Captain Wythe, was seized here. The vessel arrived here on Monday for bait and, being unable to obtain it, cleared for Fort Morten, where a supply was received. The captain put to sea without reporting to the customs. When the schooner came in here for ice the customs officers seized her.

Warren W. Hawson, a widely known seed dealer and market gardener and prominent in state Republican politics, died at his home at Arlington, Mass. He was born in Arlington in 1847.

ITCHING HUMOR ON LITTLE BOY

His Hands were a Solid Mass, and Disease Spread All Over His Body —In Four Days the Child was Entirely Cured—Mother Strongly RECOMMENDS CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"One day we noticed that our little boy was all broken out with itching sores. We first noticed it on his little hands. His hands were not as bad then, and we didn't think anything serious would result. But the next day we heard of the Cuticura Remedies being so good for itching sores, etc., that I thought I would get them. By this time the disease had spread all over his body, and his hands were nothing but a solid mass of this itching disease. I went to the drug store and purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and that night I stripped my little boy and took the Cuticura Soap and lukewarm water and washed him well. Then I dried him with a soft bath towel, and took the Cuticura Ointment and rubbed him thoroughly with it. I did this every evening before I put him to bed and in three or four nights he was entirely cured. You have my permission to publish this because anybody who suffered as my baby did ought to know of the Cuticura Remedies. I will surely and gladly recommend the Cuticura Remedies for they are a godsend to all suffering with skin diseases. Mrs. Frank Donahue, 208 Fremont St., Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 16, 1907."

Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, but do not rub. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue to bathe the face freely for some minutes. Repeat morning and evening. At other times use the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as agreeable.

PROVIDE ADEQUATELY
FOR THE FUTURE
Happy is the man who saves his money regularly and deposits it with the Industrial Trust Company. He also makes others happy whose happiness depends on him. There is no time so good as the present to put your money where it will be a constant and steady worker at compound interest. Your account very cordially invited. 4 per cent. Interest paid on Savings Accounts. Office with
NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,
303 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

IT'S ALL IN THE SHREWS
OUR SUPPLY OF
SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS
The favorite breakfast cereal, is always a fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.
S. S. THOMPSON.

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143 Thames Street,
Special Sale in
MILLINERY.
SATURDAYS
Choice Trimmed Hats
FROM \$1.50 UP.
Specialties for Summer Wear
In Outing Hats and other Millinery Novelties.
**Bargains in Millinery, at
SCHREIER'S.**

Pocahontas Pittston
Georges Creek Lehigh
Lykens Valley Reading
berry Cannel
NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Telephone 222.

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With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.
With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.
OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

Cleveland House
27 CLARKE STREET
The most modern and up to date House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.
Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.
Apply to
CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.
PERRY HOUSE,
WASHINGTON SQUARE
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management. Fully furnished cottages with bath up to date. Rates 25 up. Special Rates by the Week. F. E. WELLS, owner.
F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, or if the glass have attended to it once by a competent man. The prescription that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Free optical examining of all kinds. Glasses prescribed give personal attention.
118 SPRING STREET.
FURNISHED Cottages
TO RENT AT
BLOCK ISLAND.
H. S. MILLIKEN,
Real Estate Agent

THE BLARNEY STONE.

An Old Legend Tells How It Found Its Way to Ireland.

THE MAGIC OF KISSING IT.

Origin of the Quaint Belief That It Imparts to the Lips That Touch It the Power to Utter Honeyed, Coaxing and Delusive Speeches.

The Blarney stone takes its name from the village of Blarney, in County Cork, Ireland, near which stand the ruins of the famous Blarney castle, dating back to the fifteenth century, and the groves of Blarney, which enjoy an equally wide reputation. A rivulet flowing through them bears the same name. The name Blarney is from the Irish "blárney," a little field, the Gaelic form being "blair" or "blair," a plain. The village is four miles northwest of Cork and has a few hundred inhabitants. In the groves of Blarney stands the ruined castle, in one tower of which is the world famous stone, the kissing of which is reputed to endow one with the gift of coaxing, wheedling and flattery.

The true stone is declared to be one in the castle wall, a few feet below the summit of the tower. To reach and osculate it it is necessary for one to be held over the parapet by the heels. But so many persons traveling in the Emerald Isle desire to report that they have kissed the real Blarney stone that one in the top of the wall is held to be sufficiently near the real thing for the fiction to be maintained that it is the true stone with all the powers of the original. And even to aged and infirm persons one near the castle entrance is declared to be the original. On the true stone, near the top of the tower, a half effaced inscription reads, "Cormack McCarthy Fortis Me Fieri Facit," A. D. 1446.

Of the Blarney stone Father Frost, the Irish poet, declared that it was the palladium of liberty for Erin. He describes the stone and relates a number of legends regarding it, one that it was brought to the island by the Phoenicians, who are reputed to have colonized the region, and that it had long been in the custody of the Carthaginians, who from it gained the reputation for insincerity which is transmitted in the phrase "Dunleith faith," and that before that it belonged to the Syrians, who were credited with speaking with double tongues after kissing it. According to the story, some Carthaginian adventurers became enamored of the stone and appropriated it. They set sail for Minorca, but, being overtaken by a storm, were driven into the harbor of Cork and left the stone in that vicinity until it was made use of in the construction of the donjon tower of Blarney castle.

As to the origin of the belief in regard to the qualities secured by kissing the stone, Crockett Croker says that in 1802, when the Spaniards were urging the Irish chieftains to harass the English, the owner of the castle, Cormack McDermott McCarthy, who then occupied it, concluded an armistice with the lord president on condition of surrendering it to an English garrison. But he put him off from day to day with specious statements, fair promises and false pretenses until the lord president became the laughingstock of the ministers of Queen Elizabeth, and the honeyed and delusive speeches of the lord of the castle became known as mere "Blarney."

The word found its way into literature in the last century. In the "Journal" of Caroline Fox, which appeared in 1835, there is this use of the word: "Mme. de Stael was regretting to Lord Castlereagh that there was no word in the English language which answered to their sentiment." No, he said, "there is no English word, but the Irish have one that corresponds exactly—blarney." Samuel Lover wrote "The blarney's so great a deceiver" in one of his Irish novels. President James Buchanan wrote, "The general has yet to learn that my father's countrymen (I have ever felt proud of my descent from an Irishman), though they themselves do blarney others, are yet hard to be blarneyed themselves." Washington Irving in "The Traveler" wrote, "So he blarneyed the landlord." James Russell Lowell in "The Fable for Critics" says:

The cast clothes of Europe your statesmanship tries
And mumble tales the old blarney and lies.

The name of the old Irish castle and town has added a noun, a verb, an adjective and a participle to the language. The most comprehensive definition of the noun "Blarney" is "exceedingly complimentary language; flattery; smooth, wheedling talk; pleasing cajolery." As to the origin of the word, one lexicographer quotes Grote as crediting the derivation of it from the phrase "licking the Blarney stone," applied to incredible stories told of climbing to a stone very difficult of access in a castle of that name in the county of Cork, Ireland. But he added that Dr. Jamieson derives it from the French "blarney," a "big, frigid, cold, and distant" discourse (flow). But the word seems to have outgrown this restricted meaning since the latter part of the eighteenth century. Every Irishman south of the Liffey is popularly supposed to have kissed the Blarney stone, and it, moreover, he has had a dip in the Shannon he is reputed to have the requisite amount of impudence, or what the natives call "Pevit courage."—New York Tribune.

Mrs. Brown—She's forever complaining, but I think she merely lacks blarney. Mrs. Magregor—Oh, no, she's got it; at any rate, that's what the doctor calls her disease. She can't sleep, you know.—Exchange.

The fool who is silent passes for a dun.—French Proverb.

John Johnson of Minnesota

One of the Common People, Forceful in Character, Who Looms Up in the Presidential Limelight—How He "Made Good" Despite the Adverse Circumstances of His Early Life.

AFTER all, the American people despise snobbery. There is but a very small class among us that upon aristocracy and puts an anathema upon a pedant to kiss the dirt at its feet. For proof of this we have only to look to Minnesota, where dwells a man who in these antecapital days is being exploited for a presidential nomination by thousands of men who never saw him and never heard of him until three years ago.

Why this man's presidential boom? Just because he has "made good" despite the fact that his father died in the poorhouse and his mother took to washing. Nobody disputes the popular assumption that Governor Johnson is an able man and of presidential dimensions. But, for all that, he never would have been mentioned for the presidency save for this poorhouse and washerwoman story. Upon this foundation we base the proof that America, heart, head and hand, is still essentially antislavery.

In 1904 the Democrats of Minnesota nominated for governor a country editor, the St. Peter Herald man, John Johnson, was a pretty good country editor, too, but there were some 700 others in Minnesota. St. Peter is a small town, and the Herald is a small paper. But it is not necessarily true that a small paper in a small town has a small man at the head of it. Plenty of instances to the contrary might be cited, but Johnson's is enough. For fifteen years Editor Johnson had run the editorial end of the Herald, while his partner, Henry Essler, had run the mechanical end. Both took a hand at the business end. Johnson became secretary and then president of the state editorial association. So the other editors knew him, and they liked him. Johnson had served one term as a

township when they met it race to race, were perturbed by this circular and urged the candidate to make a strong denial of the statements.

"I can't," was Johnson's quiet reply.

Story Went the Rounds.

The reason he couldn't was that what the circular said about his parents was true. A St. Paul newspaper which supported him sent a staff correspondent posthaste to the little town of St. Peter. The staff man investigated the immediate antecedents of John Johnson. The reportorial assignment would have delighted any good newspaper man. It is not often that a reporter strikes such "human interest" color. The story of John Johnson of St. Peter, as published in the St. Paul paper, quickly went the rounds of the Minnesota press; also it went the rounds of the corner groceries and the drug stores and the country hotel offices, where governors are made and presidents are prepared from the raw material.

The St. Paul reporter discovered that Gustaf Johnson, a blacksmith, had emigrated from Sweden about fifty years ago, settling in St. Peter. He had been a heavy drinker in his native land and came to America in the hope that he might reform. He did reform

for a few years. He married Caroline Haden, a Swedish girl, also an immigrant. She was utterly alone in America. The blacksmith installed her in a two room house near St. Peter. For a few years the brawny arms of Gustaf Johnson earned a living for the wife and the little ones who came, John being the first baby, born in 1861. Then occurred an attack of the old malady, the old disease, which in the system of the village blacksmith demanded alcohol. The blacksmith be-

came drunk, and to the occasion President Roosevelt carried the always Republican state of Minnesota by a majority of 161,412—a hundred thousand above the normal majority. But, hold! John Albert Johnson, Democrat, was elected governor by a majority of 7,990. Not a very large majority that, and yet he turned \$1,400 votes to get it.

The country editor closed down his desk at St. Peter, probably saying to Henry Essler: "I'll be back in two years. Try to keep the subscribers in line, and don't let the ads get away from you. Keep the jobwork going."

Then he went to work at his new job in St. Paul, his office being in Minnesota's new state capital building. Did Johnson as governor of a great state pose as a sickly sentimental friend of "the common people?" Not a bit of it—not he. Johnson made no pretense of being ultra democratic. He wore good clothes, the prevailing style, and cut just as dignified a figure at a gubernatorial reception as he had cut in the editorial sanctum at St. Peter. He had sense enough to adapt himself to his environment.

He Made Good.

Johnson also had the moral and mental backbone to make him Johnny-on-the-spot with his new job. He had had no experience as an editor when he took hold of the St. Peter Herald. But he made good. He made good also as governor of Minnesota. Do you want proof? Then read the election returns of 1906. Normally the Republican candidate should have won by about 70,000 majority. As a matter of fact, Johnson won by 72,000 majority. Somebody asked him how he did it.

"I only tried to make good," replied Johnson.

No boomerang was thrown in the second campaign. If Johnson had not made good in his two years' term as governor he would have been sent back to the St. Peter Herald office. As it is, he now stands in the glare of the presidential limelight. The washerwoman circular promulgated by the unidentified asylum inmate made him governor, but as governor he made good himself. Those years of struggle, of self effacement, of mother love and brotherly devotion in St. Peter gave him the stamina to make good. When some one asked him what he considered the most important result of his administration as governor he replied:

"Law enforcement. We have brought about conditions by which the state officers obey the law themselves and enforce it."

But Governor Johnson did not stop at enforcement of the laws on the statute books. By his influence he brought about the enactment of new laws to meet conditions. One thing he did was to have the legislature give him a board of tax equalizers. Johnson appointed three of the best men in the state. Under the law this board had only advisory powers. The governor used his discretion. The steel trust has immense mines in northern Minnesota. These mines were taxed on a valuation of \$38,000,000 when Johnson took office. Now they are taxed on a valuation of \$194,000,000, and the poor taxpayer feels better. The electric railways uniting St. Paul and Minneapolis are paying twice as much taxes as they paid before the advent of Johnson. Tax dodgers have been winning since Johnson became governor.

Strike Settled Without Riots.

The way Governor Johnson settled a strike last summer shows his power as a conservative official. The miners in the Mesaba range went out, and there was imminent peril of violence. Instead of sending his state militia to the scene Governor Johnson himself went alone. He talked with the strike leaders and with the employers. He visited the strikers and heard their grievances. He gave them good advice. If they remained orderly, he said, no troops would be sent, but if they became violent he would be forced to quell their violence with soldiers. The strike was settled without riots.

Some persons take pleasure in comparing John Johnson with Abraham Lincoln. This is due to the fact that both men had immediate ancestors of the kind that, as a rule, do not produce society swells. Johnson seems to have much of the homely honesty of Lincoln and more dignity than "Honest Abe." Whatever he may turn out to be in the future, we must go back to the original thesis and assert that if Johnson had been a candidate for head sheik of Fifth avenue's Four Hundred or for chief chimpanzee of the Newport set that lunatic's circular would have defeated him. But he was running merely for the governorship of the plain, common, sensible, intelligent people of an American commonwealth.

Danton and the Organ Grinders.

Paris has more than once made war on organ grinders. There, as here, they have their enemies and also their champions. The war, however, is an old one, and politicians had time to attend to it even at the height of the revolution.

No less a man than Danton then took the part of the musicians.

"Citizens," he cried from the tribunal, "I hear that an attempt is being made to prevent the organ grinders of Barbary from playing their tunes as usual. Do you think, then, that the streets of Paris are too gay? Have the people of Paris too many songs on their lips? One after another our liberties are being wrested from us. Leave us at least the liberty of listening to the organs of Barbary, or hearing from them our favorite songs and refrains."

Danton was guillotined for reasons with which this speech had nothing to do, but the oration containing these sentiments was the last that he had the opportunity of delivering as a member of the convention.—Westminster Gazette.

Writing to Tuba Chenoweth.

The Man—I'd give anything if you would like me. The Maid—But the gentlemen say that those broad discs. The Man—Oh, never mind that. Go ahead and make me as unwell as you.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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NEW ENGLAND WITCHES.

A Small Record Compared With That of Other Countries.

Yankees have so long and so loudly confessed their ancestral sins that the facts in the case are little known. So much is said about Salem that the execution of witches in Pennsylvania is overlooked. The scant score of persons hanged for witchcraft in New England causes more comment than the many thousands legally burned for that crime in Europe.

In all New England, according to Nathaniel Hawthorne, nineteen persons were executed as witches. One more was accused of the crime, and for refusal to plead was pressed to death, after the custom of the day.

The facts concerning the widespread belief in witchcraft and the enormous number of witches killed may be found in any encyclopedia. Haydn's Dictionary of Dates says: "More than 100,000 perished, mostly by the flames, in Germany." Chambers' Encyclopedia says: "In England and Scotland the witch mania was somewhat later in settling in than on the continent, but when it did so it was little if at all less virulent, the reformation notwithstanding." "The number of victims in Scotland from first to last has been estimated at upward of 4,000." Dr. Sprenger in his "Life of Mohammed" computes the entire number of persons who have been burned as witches during the Christian epoch at 8,000,000.

Witchcraft persecutions in New England took place in 1692. They were all done in six months, in England they continued till well into the next century. In 1693 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at Hedingham, in Essex, says Chambers. "It was considered worthy of notice that nearly all the sixty or seventy persons concerned in the outrage were of the small tradesman class, none of the agricultural laborers being mixed up in the affair."—Springfield Republican.

His Modest Request.

Your regular, "professional" tramp has a sharp tongue and is not slow to use it when occasion arises.

A farmer's wife had curtly refused the usual request for a night's lodging from a gentleman of this fraternity. "Well, then, ma'am," said the tramp, "would you mind if I slept in that big meadow there behind your barn?"

"No," said the woman in a magnanimous tone, "you may sleep there if you like."

"One thing more, ma'am," said the tramp, "before I say good night. Will you please have me called at 4 sharp? I want to catch the cattle train to market."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Lacked Relief.

A good many of the Sac and Fox Indians do not talk much, and when they are in a store and see something they want they pick it up and pay for it. When Tom Hall was keeping a drug store an Indian woman entered it and picked up a can of varnish and paid for it. A few weeks later the same woman was in again and Tom asked her if she wanted another can. She said no, they couldn't get the can she had.—Stroud (Okla.) Messenger.

A Golf Outrage.

The Earl of Wemyss was on a five golf course on one occasion accompanied by an old caddy. His lordship got his ball on one occasion so near the hole that to play it was, as it appeared to him, superfluous. So he simply tipped it in with the toe of his boot.

The caddy recoiled instantly, threw down the clubs and looked horrified. When he found words to speak it was to say, "Hang it, me lord, golf's gow!"

Satin Ashes.

Small Nellie read aloud from her Sunday school lesson as follows: "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes." This was a pun, and finally she said, "Ninawa, what kind of ash is satin ash?"—Chicago News.

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ONLY A GUESS.

But It Made Good Advance Information For the Reporter.

Nels Olsen, who was for forty years a trusted employee of the New York Yacht club, was always courteous to newspaper men and glad to give them such information as he could with propriety make public. He was sorely beset by news gatherers while the Durravon trial was going on, and often said to the reporters, with a smile, that he regretted his "ignorance." On the evening of Feb. 27, 1896, when the members of the club met at the old clubhouse in Madison avenue, there was much quiet excitement because it was well known that the question of Durravon's expulsion would come up. An enterprising reporter stopped Olsen as he came through the door and asked: "Do you think they'll expel his lordship?"

Olsen said, "How do I know?" and then added, "Did you ever read this?" and handed to the young man a clipping from the Tribune which read: For Durravon, never tumbling, still is grumbling, still is mumbering. In his lordly ancient carriages over on the distant shore. And his talks have all the seeming of a daff and jealous seaman. And the X rays through him streaming show he's unfair at the core. And because the yacht club knows him—knows he's unfair at the core—He will race here—nevermore.

Half an hour later the meeting was called to order, and within twenty minutes a resolution was adopted stripping Durravon of his honorary membership privileges. When the reporter saw Olsen he said, "That was good advance information," to which he replied, "I never give information; that was a guess."—New York Tribune.

Only the Odd Ones.

Very few of the American tourists who come to England fail to visit Westminster abbey. The long history of the venerable pile appeals strongly to our visitors from the other side of the Atlantic. One lady strolled while within the abbey looked about with the particular object of inspecting the tomb of King Edward II. Failing to discover it after patient search, she at last asked the vergers to direct her to it. "I'm sorry, madam," replied the officer, with a tone of deep regret, "but we haven't Edward II. here, as you will find the odd number."—London Express.



GOVERNOR JOHNSON OF MINNESOTA.

state senator, and some of the politicians knew him and liked him too. But he was defeated for re-election, being a Democrat in a Republican district, and when his party placed him at the head of the state ticket he was plain John Johnson, country editor.

Champion Political Joke.

Minnesota's normal Republican majority is between 60,000 and 70,000. The Democrats had little or no expectation of electing Johnson. One reason they picked him for the candidacy was that he was a Swede, and would get the Scandinavian vote, which in Minnesota is a considerable factor. They hoped he, at any rate, would make a decent showing, and most of them would have been satisfied with that. But Johnson, having accepted the nomination, made a systematic campaign. His opponent, State Auditor Dunn, was not altogether popular in his own party. Dunn's unpopularity helped Johnson, against whose record nobody had anything to say. Johnson's popularity increased as Dunn's decreased. Something had to be done for Dunn. Then somebody "done it." The manner of doing it, the madness of its method, must stand forever as the champion political joke of the ages. Did you ever see a boomerang? A boomerang is a curved club. When thrown by one who knows how, it makes a turn around in the air and comes back to the thrower. If the thrower doesn't look out, the boomerang will smash his face.

Ten days before election some boomerang thrower in Minnesota printed and distributed a circular setting forth that Candlish Johnson's father had been a drunkard and had died in the poorhouse and that his mother had taken to washing. You cannot find in Minnesota today the thrower of this political boomerang. Most likely he is and was then an inmate of the asylum for the insane.

Some reporters of Johnson, too, much excited to know a golden oppor-

came a drunkard. Like many others of his unfortunate class, he went "from bad to worse." Finally the local authorities placed him in the poorhouse, where after some years he died.

Mrs. Johnson was left with six children to support. John was only twelve years old, but he arose to the occasion. He insisted upon quitting school so that he might help. He got a job in a grocery store. A grocer's boy has no snap as a job, but some of them have snap as individuals. John Johnson—probably called him Johny then—got \$10 a month, which he turned over to his mother. He found time to deliver "laundry" wash and brood by his mother, his splendid heroic mother, and also to deliver papers on the carrier's route—the town paper. After two years of this grocer's boy life he got a job in the drug store at a slightly higher rate of pay. From this time on his mother quit taking in washing. John supported the family. In the years following three of the little sisters died, and John Johnson was in debt to the undertaker. The boy studied hard while working in the drug store. The little public library was in the same block. He read many books from the library, being chiefly interested in history. Meanwhile he studied pharmacy, too, and eventually he became a registered pharmacist.

Real Journalist With a Real Job.

After nine years in the drug store John Johnson became a journalist. In the cities a journalist is sometimes described as a newspaper man out of a job. In St. Peter John Johnson was a real journalist with a real job, paying for a half interest in the Herald, for which friends who believed in him had put up the money. Johnson had paid off the undertaker. He had bought the two room family homestead, which was about to be sold for \$100, and he had added other rooms and improvements.

So this was the story discovered by the St. Paul reporter. It was so manifestly true that American blar-

Historical and Genealogical.

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1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the contributor must be given.
3. Material must be sent in original form.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In writing queries always give the date of the query, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1908.

NOTES.

GIBBS—(continued).

(97) 2. John Jones (4) Gibbs, (James) (2) John (1) b. Sept. 15, 1708 (Bible) bap. at Trinity Church, Newport, July 26, 1780. (V. R. X. 501.) No further mention on any records.

(98) 8. Sarah (4) Gibbs, (James) (3) John (2) James (1) b. Dec. 28, 1770 (Bible) bap. Trinity Church, July 26, 1780. (V. R. X. 501.) No further mention.

Children of James (3) John (2) James (1) and Frances Elizabeth (Allen) Gibbs:

(99) 4. Mary (4) Gibbs, (James) (3) John (2) James (1) b. Sept. 10, 1774 (Bible) married John Tompkins, and d. Dec. 22, 1887, ag. 58. (Cen. records, Common Ground.)

Ap. 26, 1800, Hannah (4) and Mary (4) Gibbs, spinners, grandchildren of Henry Allen, late of Newport, sailor, dec. deeded to Jacob Smith land and dwelling late the estate of their grandfather Henry Allen (Newport Land Evidence, Vol. 7, p. 248).

(70) 8. Hannah (4) Gibbs, (James) (3) John (2) James (1) b. Feb. 27, 1778 (Bible) married Robinson Potter, son of Stephen and Abigail (Robinson) Potter, of South Kingston, R. I. She died 1841. He was born 1778. (died) June 5, 1848. (Potter Genealogy by Charles Edward Potter, part 4, page 5.) Children of Robinson and Hannah (James) (3) John (2) James (1) (Gibbs) Potter (Potter Book):

(119) 8. Francis Gibbs Potter, b. Newport, R. I., Sept. 1802, d. 1880, md. Aug. 1808, J. M. Keith, M. D. They had:

(120) 1. James Gibbs (6) Keith (Gibbs record p. 11).

(121) 6. Elizabeth (6) Robinson Potter, b. Newport, Jan. 23, 1806, d. Ap. 22, 1874, md. 1824, T. C. Dunn, M. D. They had:

(122) 1. Robinson P. (6) Dunn, b. Newport, May 31, 1828, d. Aug. 20, 1887, md. Mary B. Foster, dau. of Hon. Alfred Dwight and Lydia (Bible) Foster.

(130) 2. Thomas Furber (6) Dunn, b. Newport, 1837, d. 1898.

(131) 8. Elizabeth (6) Dunn, b. Newport, 1840, unmarried.

(132) 1. Adeline (6) Dunn, b. Newport, 1842, d. 1865.

(133) 5. Thomas (6) Dunn, b. Oct. 10, 1846, md. Oct. 1, 1878, Katharine Hunter.

Children of Thomas (6) and Katharine (Hunter) Dunn: Gibbs record.

(134) 1. Charles Hunter (7) Dunn, (187) 2. Robert Stead (7) Dunn, (135) 3. Anna (7) Dunn, (136) 4. Theophilus U. (6) Dunn, b. Newport, Mar. 19, 1887, md. Charlotte de Witt.

(137) 7. Anna (6) Dunn, b. Ap. 11, 1842, md. M. T. Bennett, Jr., (71) 6. Elizabeth (4) Gibbs, (James) (3) John (2) James (1) b. Feb. 28, 1778, d. Sept. 20, 1781. (Bible.)

(72) 7. Anna (4) Gibbs, (James) (3) John (2) James (1) b. Jan. 21, 1780, d. July 15, 1781. (Bible.) Bap. at Trinity Church, July 26, 1780. (V. R. X. 501.)

(73) 8. Henry Allen (4) Gibbs, (James) (3) John (2) James (1) b. Feb. 1, 1782. (Bible.) No further mention.

Children of John (2) James (1) and Sarah (Gibbs) Gibbs:

(21) 4. John (3) Gibbs, (John) (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (3) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(22) 4. John (4) Gibbs, (John) (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (4) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(23) 4. John (5) Gibbs, (John) (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (5) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(24) 4. John (6) Gibbs, (John) (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (6) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(25) 4. John (7) Gibbs, (John) (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (7) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(26) 4. John (8) Gibbs, (John) (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (8) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(27) 4. John (9) Gibbs, (John) (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (9) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(28) 4. John (10) Gibbs, (John) (9) James (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (10) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(29) 4. John (11) Gibbs, (John) (10) James (9) James (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (11) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(30) 4. John (12) Gibbs, (John) (11) James (10) James (9) James (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (12) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(31) 4. John (13) Gibbs, (John) (12) James (11) James (10) James (9) James (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (13) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(32) 4. John (14) Gibbs, (John) (13) James (12) James (11) James (10) James (9) James (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (14) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(33) 4. John (15) Gibbs, (John) (14) James (13) James (12) James (11) James (10) James (9) James (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (15) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(34) 4. John (16) Gibbs, (John) (15) James (14) James (13) James (12) James (11) James (10) James (9) James (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

Children of John (16) and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gibbs:

(35) 4. John (17) Gibbs, (John) (16) James (15) James (14) James (13) James (12) James (11) James (10) James (9) James (8) James (7) James (6) James (5) James (4) James (3) James (2) James (1) b. Bristol, Oct. 20, 1761 (V. R. VI. 77) called (Mrs. Osgood) of Newport, goldenrod. In deed dated Jan. 11, 1772, rec. July 8, 1772 (Vol. 2, p. 206, Bristol Land Evidence) md. May 25, 1774, to Elizabeth Gardner of Newport (V. R. VI. 783 (2d. Cong. Church.) d. Oct. 7, 1807. (Prov. Gazette.)

BRYAN ACCEPTS NOMINATION

"The People Must Rule" Is the Theme of His Address

REPUBLICAN PARTY BLAMED

Declared Responsible For Many Evils Now Existing, as Well as For Abuses in Government—Would Call Extra Session of Congress to Carry Out Plunge For Popular Election of Senators—Other Important Points

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 13.—"Recognizing that I am indebted for my nomination to the rank and file of our party and that my election must come, if it comes at all, from the unpurchased and unpurchasable suffrages of the American people, I promise, if entrusted with the responsibilities of this high office, to conserve whatever ability I have to the one purpose of making this, in fact, a government in which the people rule—a government which will do justice to all, and offer to everyone the highest possible stimulus to great and persistent effort, by assuring to each the enjoyment of his just share of the proceeds of his toil, no matter in what part of the vineyard he labors or to what occupation, profession or calling he devotes himself."

Thus spoke William J. Bryan in accepting the nomination as the candidate of the Democratic party for the presidency of the United States.

Mr. Bryan said in part: "Having twice before been a candidate for the presidency, in campaigns which ended in defeat, a third nomination, the result of the free and voluntary act of the voters of the party, can only be explained by a substantial and undisputed growth in the principles and policies for which I, with a multitude of others, have contended."

"The distinguished statesman who received the Republican nomination for president said, in his notification speech: 'The strength of the Republican cause in the campaign at hand is the fact that we represent the policies essential to the reform of known abuses, to the continuance of liberty and true prosperity, and that we are determined, as our platform unequivocally declares, to maintain them' and carry them out."

"In the name of the Democratic party, I accept the challenge and charge that the Republican party is responsible for all the abuses which now exist in the federal government, and that it is important to accomplish the reforms which are imperatively needed."

"Next to the corrupt use of money, the present method of electing United States senators is most responsible for the obstruction of reforms. State after state has endorsed this reform, until nearly two-thirds of the states have recorded themselves in its favor. The United States senate, however, impudently and arrogantly obstructs the passage of the resolution, notwithstanding the fact that the voters of the United States, by an overwhelming majority, demand it."

Extracts from the speech follow:

The Republican party is impatient to accomplish the reforms that are imperatively demanded.

Shall the representatives of predatory wealth peer upon a defenseless public, securing immunity through subservient officials their raise to office by unscrupulous means?

Mr. Taft declares that evils have crept in within the last ten years. During that time Republican officials were in power in every branch of the government.

With a Republican president to recommend with a Republican senate and house to carry out his recommendations, why does the Republican candidate plead for further time in which to carry out what should have been done long ago?

The Republican party will be so obligated by campaign contributions as to be powerless to bring to the country any material relief from present tariff burdens.

For ten years the interstate commerce commission has been asking an enlargement of its powers to prevent rebates and discriminations, but the Republican legislators have refused.

Why does not Mr. Taft say that he favors the publication of political contributions before election? Why wait to lock the door until the horse is stolen?

If I am elected president, I shall convene congress in extraordinary session and ask for the fulfillment of the Democratic pledge for the popular election of senators.

The real question involved is whether the government shall remain a mere business asset of favor-seeking corporations.

The Democratic party seeks not retribution but reformation.

A Pure Food Campaign

Washington, Aug. 13.—Food of every description, especially those prepared for infants and invalids, will be scientifically investigated by the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture to determine whether or not they are injurious to health. The proposed investigation is the outgrowth of numerous requests from all classes of persons who desire to know whether the various infant and invalid foods are pure.

Kimberly, aged 8 years, was run over and killed by a trolley car at Lewiston, Me. The child ran in front of a car.

The Aerial Navigation Company of Boston, to do a freight and passenger business by airship between Boston, New York and other points, was incorporated at Boston, the capital stock being \$24,000.

Middletown.

The subject, "Our Favorite Hymns," was taken up in an interesting manner on Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal services held at the town hall. The choir was assisted by Mr. Frank T. Peckham, cornetist, and as the hymns were suggested various remarks were made in regard to their origin, and especial association to certain events. Favorite hymns were also read. Rev. H. H. Citchlow made a brief address upon the deep hold the old-fashioned hymns had exerted upon former generations—how they had been sung into the affections and religious life of families untold. Many of these have become obsolete, owing to the frequent changes made.

The Sunday School of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel will be discontinued during the remainder of August, reopening again the first Sunday in September.

While a regular committee was appointed among the church members to attend to the grading at the new Methodist Episcopal church, a call for volunteers brought out a large number of the members, so that much was accomplished this week.

The members of the Good Citizens Association are planning for a fall outing at Island Park, and at the meeting held on Wednesday evening, appointed the following gentlemen a committee to complete the arrangements: Dennis Murphy, Wm. R. Hunter and Chester Brown. It is proposed to have a clam dinner at 2.30 o'clock with possibly a ball game and a few sports afterwards. The date and details are to be left to the committee.

On Sunday afternoon Rev. John T. Huntington of Hartford, Conn., will be preacher at the Methodist services to be held at the town hall.

Mrs. Eliza Clark Peckham is visiting her daughters at Ocean Bay, Mass. Mrs. Emma Farnum and Mrs. Phoebe O. Taber, who have taken a cottage there for the summer.

Mr. Harford Albro of Providence has been visiting his cousin, Dr. and Mrs. C. Edward Farnum, the past week.

Mrs. Mary Lawton and Mrs. John R. Anthony have been spending a few days at Nantasket Beach.

Miss Elizabeth P. Anthony has been entertaining Miss Edith Taylor of Mount Glad, N. J., where Miss Anthony has been teaching in the grammar grades for the past two years.

About \$500 was realized from the fair held last week at St. George's School for the benefit of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. This is hardly the general average but a much better sum than was expected owing to the poor weather.

Owing to various other attractions there was not so large a number present as usual at the monthly "dinner supper" held at Holy Cross Guild House, Wednesday evening by the ladies of the Guild. The supper was excellent and consisted of various kinds of vegetable salads. Some 60 people were present, many leaving early to attend the Military Concert held in Newport.

"I understand the new magazine has a high standard."

"Indeed it has. It went up yesterday."—Atlantic Constitution.

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HUNTING You will want to be ready for the open season—good sport in the Berkshires this autumn.

WALKING Glorious views of hills and valleys, lakes and brooks reward the city man who transpires about in this vacation land.

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Masic Store

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LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

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MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, executed by William R. Mitchell, of the Town of New Shoreham, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to Julia Stannard, of the City, County and State of New York, bearing date October 1st, A. D. 1888, and recorded Nov. 21st, A. D. 1888, in Book No. 1, of Land Evidence of the Records of Mortgages of Real Estate in the town of New Shoreham, at page 106, 107, 108, and 109, bearing thereon the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage and the same having continued for more than ten days, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described in the said Town of New Shoreham, on FRIDAY, August the 1st, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock, to the highest bidder, about one half acre of land, more or less, situated in the eastern part of the Town of New Shoreham and bounded as follows:

Northerly, partly on land belonging to the Episcopal Church called "St. Ann for the Sea," and partly by land of Christopher E. Champlin, Easterly on land of the heirs of Nicholas Hall, Southerly and Westerly by the Public Highway called "Spring Street," or however otherwise said land may be better bounded or described.

By order of the present holder of said mortgage, who is hereby given notice of his intention to bid at said sale, or at any postponement or adjournment thereof.

HERBERT S. MILLIKIN, Attorney for the Present Holder of said Mortgage.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 13th, 1908.

Estate of Sophia Augusta Brown. PETITION in writing is made by Sophia Augusta Sherman, of said Newport, praying for reasons therein stated that she, said Sophia Augusta Sherman, may be appointed Guardian of the person of Sophia Augusta Brown, a person of full age, of said Newport, and said petition is referred to the twenty-fourth day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and that citation be served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

The Ocean Shore

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Is the best shore and has the best climate in all America for a short holiday or a whole summer's stay. The coast from Yarmouth to Halifax is littered with delightful towns, villages and easily accessible secluded retreats. The lakes, streams and woods of the hinterland are full of fish and game. The whole country has all the delightful attributes of an unspoiled territory for those who want something new and charming in recreation. The railway which skirts the Ocean Shore is the

Halifax & Southwestern Ry.

and it has the best trains with buffet parlor and sleeping in Eastern Canada.

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"Big and Little Journeys"

G. E. REEKMAN, New Eng. Pass. Agt., 25 Washington St., Boston Mass. 6-20-08

Cottage Owners and

Rentals 190